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HOURS OF ILLNESS :

A Collection of Poems.

BY

THOMAS SARSFIELD CARTER.

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print,
A book's a book, altho' there's nothing in't.

BYRON.

In spite of every critic elf,
Sir T—— may read his stanzas to himself.

Ibid.



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1870.

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Dedicated to the Memory
OF
THOMAS CHATTERTON.

A CENTURY has rolled its length along
Since death o'ertook thee, hapless child of song ;
And such a death !—Oh ! righteous heaven, must all
Neglected genius, like this boy-bard, fall
By its own hand ? or yield its struggling breath
To murdering Hunger's fearful, lingering death ?
Sleep on, immortal, hapless boy, sleep on !
Though e'en the dust that filled thy grave is gone,
A Brother Youth, to whom thy name is dear,
Records his reverence for thy memory here !



PREFACE.

THE following collection of verses were written at an early age, within the rather unpoetic and dreary atmosphere of a sick-chamber—in fact, the first and longest, “Laura,” was composed in one of our private London hospitals: and thus the author would in some degree palliate its many and grievous errors and defects, when it is coupled with his youth, being then a little over seventeen. Written to relieve the *ennui* and monotony of an illness which, lasting through seven long, weary years, will continue till death releases him, the writer feels there can be neither poetic excellence nor literary merit attaching to efforts produced under such unfavourable circumstances; but sincerely hopes that, with the foregoing in mind, the public will be disposed to view his many faults with a lenient eye; and with this hope he now confidently leaves his little book in their hands.

Kennington, June 1, 1870.

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HOURS OF ILLNESS.

LAURA.

CANTO I.

HAIL ! stilly hour of calm repose,
When weary nature slumbering lies
In melting smiles, as twilight's close
With fainting beauty wraps the skies.
Sweet, glorious eve ! how like the glow
Of happy childhood's tearless day,
Thy blending tints, which deepening throw
A halo e'en o'er sorrow's way !
To lonely hearts what pleasure heaves,
Along the calm untroubled deep ;
With none to watch the eye that grieves,
Or mock the grief that bids them weep :—
That bids them weep o'er by-gone days,
In folly's arms too fondly spent ;
Till bloated pleasure's sickening haze
Had ceased to yield its false content ;

And leaves the youthful heart all sear,
Ere that its springtide bud had blushed ;
And naught remains but sorrow's tear,
And conscience' qualms o'erheard but hushed.
What thousand thoughts of darkling hue
Creep o'er the shuddering spirit then ;
And flit before its shrinking view,
The shrivelled forms of what hath been !
But list ! what steals upon the sleeping air,
Soft as the murmur of angelic prayer ;
Now melting sweetly and now warm and low,
Then bounding high the wild notes thrilling flow ;
Now softly dying with convulsive quiver,
They seem 's if hushed by death to sleep for ever ?
But no ; the magic notes more clear,
With deepening spell enchain the ear ;
And wrap the soul, and bid the heart
In fluttering transport wildly start ;
While the quick eye with aching sight
Strains thro' the shadows of the gathering night
In vain, to meet the lovely One,
Whose lay rings out so sweet and lone.
The song is hushed—the night is still,
The 'trancing notes have died away ;
When softly creeping round the hill,
That darkly girds yon gloomy bay,
A shadowy form's reflected bright
Against the ground-work of the night ;

With tresses loose, of raven gloom,
That well embower the living bloom,
Which beauty flung with lavish hand—
Like sunshine on an eastern land,
That with a thousand varied hues
The sparkling sand so bright endues—
Upon that sweetly budding cheek,
So calmly soft, so young and sleek.
Her hueless robes full lightly stream
Afrom that neck so flashing bright ;
Like feathery clouds round Dian's beam,
Reflecting all her silvery light.
With light, unechoed, velvet tread,
She spans yon dark hill's gloomy head,
That scowling like a watch-dog lay
As if to keep the waves at bay.
And oh ! her eye beams deeply bright
With one unclouded glance of light,
As turning like a thing of air
Unto the blue wave sleeping there,
Like to a wild and erring child
In slumber's arms grown tame and mild.
But lo ! she starts, a glad surprise
Wakes all the glory of her eyes
Into one living blaze of love,
That seems reflected from above !
But lo ! again what waketh now
Phosphoric gleams on ocean's brow ;

And sends in murmurs o'er the shore
The drowsy wavelets ?—'tis an oar !
But who is he whose barque thus feels
Its lonely way across the wave ;
Soft as the midnight robber steals
To plunder death, and rob the grave ?
Mayhap *she* knows who now reclines
Upon that breast where brightly shines
The polished steel in guarding lines.
No ; naught she knew but that loved name
Whose mention thrilled with joy her frame ;
Nor whither went he—whence he came.
She asked not—cared not where he roved ;
It was enough that she was loved
With that deep tender love which throws
All happiness where'er it flows.
Say, say, can woman e'er claim more
Than when she reigns, thro' good and ill,
With undivided empire o'er
The heart that beats unchangeable ?
To love, be loved in warm return,
For this alone doth ever burn
Her very soul, until it speaks
In glowing eyes and blushing cheeks.
Soft, fairy Fancy spreads a sea
Before their eyes, on which they sail
With favouring wind, or, it may be,
Before adversity's dark gale.

Above them bends their little sky,
Unspangled by those orbs of light
That shine along earth's canopy
With quivering lustre clearly bright.
They bend their eyes upon it still,
Blow, blow, the wild breeze, fair or ill ;
As mariners, when tempests hide
All around in wrath, for their lone guide
Look up to heaven to see if fair
Its beam steals thro' the darkened air,—
So sailors on love's fairy sea,
When tossed upon its tide afar,
With wistful look watch if there be
For them one lone and guiding star
To which they turn with trembling souls,
As bends the needle to the poles ;
And follow till its tiny ray
Expands into love's rosy day !
But back to where within his arms
He holds the bloom of beauty's charms,
The *all* that beauty e'er could give
To bid a fainting spirit live ;
And gather from the blushing flower
Sweet solace for the lonely hour,
To soothe the sick and weary heart,
When wounded by affliction's dart.
Of gloomy mood and changeless brow,
And cheek so pale the ruddy glow

Seem'd banished by a mind o'erwrought
By long, and anxious, eating thought ;
His thin lips twitched full nervously
'Sif from some memory he would flee ;
That ever came and came with pain,
And wrung the vitals of his brain
With iron, dark, unsparing grasp,
Like to the adder's deadening clasp.
Ne'er in the revel had he joined ;
The goblet passed unnoticed by ;
The reeling wave, the freshening wind,
Had far more gladness for his eye
Than all that pleasure could supply.
All marvelled at this mystic one,
So proud of step, so dark and lone ;
With puzzled look oft would they mark
The advent of his little barque ;
And scan with curious eye the form
Whose looks with smiles would never warm :
But ever cold and fixed and stern,
They wore the hue of rigid death ;
And foiled the eye that strove to learn
The thoughts that ever worked beneath.
And they who manned the little barque,
Were sullen, silent, fierce, and dark ;
And never sought their steps the shore ;
But, lounging, grasped the ready oar,
To brave the treacherous deep once more.

“ How like the current of our life,
The ripple on this moonlight wave !
It has its little day of strife,
Then sinks into a nameless grave.
Sweet smiles calm Dian on its sport,
With softening ray that ever warms,
Like some young mother when goes forth
Her gladsome infant from her arms,
Upon its first unsteady walk,
With laughing eye and lisping talk ;
How does she watch, with brimming eye,
Its merry gambols—artless ways ;
Then heaves the half-unconscious sigh,
As memory to the future strays,
And ponders on the many ills
That circumscribe life’s weary way ;
Till oh ! again her bosom thrills,
To think this is but childhood’s day ! —
But why, my Laura, why that look
Of anxious thought upon thy brow ?
And why’s the smile thine eye forsook,
That ever beamed so bright till now ?
Mayhap thou’st missed a mother’s care,
In the bright morning of thy life ;
And softly breath’st the silent prayer,
To guide thee thro’ thy lonely strife.
But cheer thee, Laura ! look above ;
Yon glorious arch that spans the wave,

With its bright look of gladdening love,
Is only entered by the grave !
The transit's dark—the goal is bright,
Day seems more radiant after night ;
And thus, my love, this world is given
A night before the day of heaven ! ”
He said, and looked into her eye,
Which gave him back a glad reply ;
And on her marble cheek the deepening flush,
Like the snow-flake crimsoned by the day-god's blush,
Bloomed in full splendour—beauty's living wealth,
The lover's glory and the pride of health ;—
Bud of affection flowering into love,
Beneath the tending of the ONE above !
Sweet is that conscious glow that e'er bespeaks
The heart all springing to the flushing cheeks ;
And bids the lip, the eye, all, all assume
The gladdening radiance of its newborn bloom ;
And opes the breast to let in rapture flow
The hopes and fears imprisoned long below !
“ My Laura ! thou the lonely star that guides
My little barque across the varying tides ;
And cheers the languor of the lonely hour,
When anxious hopes and busy thoughts o'erpower ;
Thee, thee, I ask to pour thy cheering ray
Unclouded still across my rugged way.
The thought of thee e'er nerves my sinking heart,
And bids it live—but, Laura ! why that start ? ”


Unto his feet he wildly sprung,
And searched his eye the darkness wide,
And grasped the ready sword that hung
Till now unnoticed by his side.
“Fly, fly, O Oscar, hence, away !
Nor let you thus with me be seen ;
Oh ! haste thee, haste, nor idly stay,
While yet the night affords a screen.”
One fond endearing look he gave
Into those eyes, so wildly sweet ;
Then looked towards the moonlit wave,
And whispered, “ Love ! again we’ll meet ! ”
And sprang to where, within the bay,
His anxious crew expectant lay.




CANTO II.

You scarce would deem that dawn had shed
Its orient blushes o’er the world ;
All seemed as if above the dead
The flag of death had been unfurled.
So dark, so sombre, silent all,
Methinks I hear the light footfall
Of zephyrs as they languid creep,
In murmurs from their restless sleep.
The wave lay black and darkly still ;
The very air seemed black with death ;

And wildly gushed each mountain rill,
As if to rouse the wave beneath.
How dread that hour which fierce portends
The day of earth and mankind flown ;
When labouring heaven with thunder bends,
And strives to hush its muffled groan !
The huge, gigantic, pulseless earth
In death's embrace it seeming hath ;
Till bursts the furious tempest forth,
And Nature shudders at its wrath !
Hark ! to the roar the billows leap
High, high into the startled air ;
While swift the sheathless lightnings sweep
With lurid flash and livid glare.
Hark ! heard you not that helpless shriek,
'Sif on destruction's very verge,
Upon the driving tempest break—
Come piercing thro' the maddened surge ?
'Tis from a barque that vainly rides
The angry billows gathering high ;
That lash in wrath her shivering sides
In dark and furious revelry ;
They rave around her, gape and growl,
Like demons hungering for their prey ;
Then with convulsed and deafening howl
Break o'er her into sparkling spray.
The anxious crew look up to heaven,
By the wild lightning ploughed and riven ;




And gaze on naught reflected there,
But the gaunt grimness of despair !
Yet, yet on it they fix each eye,
And waft the smothered prayer on high,
And beg the God of tempests there
The foundering ship in mercy spare.
But far apart one victim stands,
In calm composure's settled mood ;
Grasping the steadying rail his hands,
And gazing on the whelming flood.
His cheek is pale, but not with fear ;
He scorned to play the craven here,
Whose daring soul had braved before
A thousand times the billows' roar ;
And viewed them rent and fiercely riven,
Rise up as if to menace heaven !
Tall but not robust, his sinewy form
Seemed made to breast the anger of the storm.
The settled look of stern command
Spake in his darkly flashing eye,
And keenly told none dare withstand
His mandate, or provoke reply :
But still a soft and mellow ray
Seemed blending with that look of fire ;
Like th' last gleam of expiring day,
Or pleading love when soothing ire.
" Roll on ! thou dark and ever-changing sea,
Roll on ! your fury hath no fears for me ;



For I have rode thee since, a careless boy,
I frolicked with thy waves in bounding joy ;
And watched, with wanton smiles, thy blackened brow
Furrow itself with rage more wild than now,
And learned to ride upon each crested wave,
And woo the direst dangers it might have.
Oft has my full soul sprung into my cheeks,
As with glad eye I gazed upon thy freaks
So full of wildness, madness, anger, and
So fraught and big with danger—yet how grand !
Roll on, unconquerable ! madly roll !
Your blackest rage but mirrors my own soul !
Ah ! once that soul bloomed with the lily's hue,
Was soft and yielding till affliction threw
Its baleful glance with hideous glare upon
This shattered heart, and every hope undone.
But yet *one* hope its feeble ray still shed
Above the ashes of its brethren dead ;
And bade my aching brow a smile still wear,
And smoothed the wrinkles gathering quickly there.
Till my fond soul was lulled into a dream
Of splendid web by this last fickle beam.
I thought that still one heart—Lenora, thine !
Could love me yet, let fortune frown or shine ;
Methought that thro' the eye the soul looked e'er,
And fondly deemed I saw *hers* shining there
With pure, unalterable, holy love,
Kindled on earth and sanctioned by Above ;

Like that which joins the angel hearts, who glow
With love eternal, chaste, ay, even so.
I thought that *I* was loved ; the while
Danced o'er my path the radiance of her smile
In all the gladness of all-budding youth ;
And drunk with hope, with very joy how mute
Lay my full heart ! then, then I did not dare
To trust my thoughts, lest they might wake despair ;
But bade my soul all dark forebodings cease ;
My brow grew bright beneath the kiss of peace.
I looked around, and freely breathed once more,
And nature lovelier looked than e'er before ;
The naked rock seemed clothed in beauty's sheen,
Which in the morn so frowning black had been.
Methought her presence lent a glow to all,
To rock and wave and lisp'ing waterfall ;
Each wore a tint like that of virgin snow
Beneath the kiss of day's expiring glow ;
Or like an infant's blush, so warm and deep,
When slumber folds the languid lid in sleep.
What marvel, then, if blushing hope awhile
Dawned in my breast, and flung its gladdening smile
Across my path, so lately strewn with pain,
Since all seemed not to to've been endured in vain ?
Ne'er had we spoke ; but with the ready eye,
That mirror of the soul so sweetly shy,
We *had* conversed till all our hearts would rush
Unto our cheeks, and kindle to a blush.



What marvel, then, if thro' my veins the blood
Coursed joyful, bounding as a headlong flood ;
That on my brow that soul all-flushing glowed,
So late beneath the weight of misery bowed ;
That all my dreams were wrapt in roseate hue,
Till sweetened slumber into rapture grew ;
That wretchedness to bliss so swiftly turned,
Beneath that glance that, ah ! so purely burned ?
I felt new vigour—breathed new life again,
Nor saw the darkness gathering o'er me then ;
Nor felt the breath of sorrow breathing slow
But sure—too sure—the poison of its woe
Into my heart ; so utterly estranged
Had I been from myself—so changed !
I still loved on till rapture grew so wild,
That I became Abstraction's gloomy child,
And Wonder sagely shook its head and smiled,
As, gapingly, it passed with curious eye,
And heard me heave the deep unconscious sigh.
I heeded not—no time had thought to dwell
Upon such flimsy things—till, ah ! a bell—
A marriage bell—rung calm and softly clear
Upon the air, and peasants stood to hear ;
But dark prophetic on my startled ear.
With giddy eye I searched the gathering crowd,
And listed to their jestings, long and loud,
To catch the name of her who on that morn
Some happy youth's proud nuptials would adorn ;

I looked around, but not one friendly eye
Would give me back the dread'd but need'd reply.
The buzz of eager expectation grew
Loud with anxious hope—till, proudly, thro'
That mass of all-inquiring eyes swift flew
That bridal pair!—I looked, I saw, I fell—
What boots it now my agony to tell?
My fairy dream of bliss was o'er, and I
Was left to wallow in my misery!
My life was poisoned, and the tide was turned!
Deep, deep for vengeance how I madly burned!
I had it! yes, in fair and open fight
The wretch I slew upon his nuptial night.
Wedded to one her very soul abhorred;
Condemned to call the human viper lord!
She pined as pines the mateless dove unseen,
Deep in the bosom of the forest screen.
All this I knew not till that very day
That saw him single, bridegroom, lifeless clay!
I fled my country—for the brand of Cain
Was on my brow for him that I had slain,—
And made my home upon the treacherous main!
And formed a band who scoured the trembling sea,
And owned their chieftain in the murderer—me!
Well have I wreaked me on them!—but *she* died;
My loveliest, earliest hope—my bosom's pride!
I am a pirate!" flashed his deep dark eye;
"And doomed it seems a pirate still to die:

Blow on, ye winds! I reck not; I'm *but* one more
To swell the hosts of murderers gone before."*
He ceased, and gazed in sullen, calm despair,
And watched the waves leap thro' the blackened air;
Still as the lifeless marble, still he stood,
While round him raged the fury of the flood,
Which shakes the vessel with convulsive shock,
Fast driving madly towards the beetling rock,
That like a frozen curse rose huge and dark,
In scornful mockery of the little barque
That rode so bravely, yet so vainly rode,
That pathless waste that owns no lord but God!
Wrapt in the gloom, they saw not where they drove,
But still confiding, tearful, looked above;
And breathed their vows with all the fervour e'er
Gathered from that moment when stern despair
Wrings from the heart the long-forgotten prayer.
Each tongue was chained by terror, but through the
cheek

Their inmost souls too eloquently speak!
The fated barque still struggles wildly on,
Though mast and helm, like all their hope, are gone;
Naught, naught remains unto that hapless wreck
But yielding bulwarks and the sinking deck,
A livid crew whose sands of life are done,
And scowling rocks to dash to fragments on!

* "I'm but one the more
To baffled millions who have gone before." *Vide* Byron.

Breaks calm and pure and softly sweet
The shuddering moonbeam thro' the air ;
'Sif death of half his pains to cheat,
But only lights them to despair !
And warning beacons to the sky
Fling up their lurid flame on high ;
And flashing thro' the chilling air,
Blaze up to heaven with vivid ray,
As if to tell the helpless there
Their only hope of safety lay !
But vain the warning, given too late—
Still vain tho' 't had been sooner gave ;
For, oh ! the dark decree of Fate
Has bade them to a restless grave.
The moment's come—with furious shock
She hurls her 'gainst the giant rock ;
That towering o'er the billows rose ;
Whereon the beacon-light still glows ;
Ay, e'en on it their barque was driven,
And the wild shout went up to heaven,
So piercing deep, so full of woe,
As those who've heard can only know !




CANTO III.

ALL's o'er ! all's hushed ! the wave is still !
The wind in murmurs dies away ;

And o'er the flushing autumn hill
The day-god sheds his parting ray.
How gently sighs the timid breeze
In wooing murmurs o'er the deep,
Whose roused-up wrath would lately freeze
The heart's blood to eternal sleep !
Bright dance the sunbeams in their play,
So lately sheathed in darkest night,
Bidding the sluggish earth look gay,
And wear a look of deathless light.
Upon a rock of granite grey,
That wears an aspect chill and bare,
A castle stands—o'erlooks the bay,
With lofty head high up in air ;
Its ivy-clad dark battlements
Have stood the shock of many a storm,
Attested by the many rents
That gape around its aged form.
The feudal chiefs of bygone days
Had vainly strove to quell its lord ;
Or courted, by ignoble praise,
Protection 'neath his laurelled sword !
Its gallant chief is aged and grey
With many a year of toil and strife ;
And dimly burned the feeble ray
Within his breast of ebbing life.
One lonely hope still brightly shone—
His daughter, pure and lovely one !

Whom bounteous heaven in pity gave
To smoothe his pathway to the grave.
Like one lone rose whose living bloom
Can radiance shed e'en o'er the tomb ;
And brighten the desert with its smile,
So purely bright and free from guile ;
She flung a glorious sunshine o'er
The path that seemed so rough before !
The bud of youth unfolding glowed
In womanhood's expanding bloom ;
And sweet the liquid song o'erflowed,
To chase the hour of settling gloom.
Alone the aged chieftain sits,
With brow that seems all full of thought,
As if before him memory flits
In visions which his spirit sought
To dwell upon—on which he hung
Till dreamed he, he again was young ;
Then started, wakening, wild to find
'Twas but a phantom of the mind !
But where is she who e'er till now
Had watched each gathering of his brow
With anxious eye, and strove to chase
All clouds of sadness from his face ?
Within a chamber dark and low
A night-lamp feebly sheds its beam
With faint, unsteady, flickering glow,
As if it feared too bright to gleam,

And waken darkness from his sleep unblest,
Lest 'tmight disturb yon pallid sufferer's rest.
And bending o'er him stoops an anxious maid,
In winning beauty's simplest garb arrayed ;
With braided tresses and with pure white brow,
That e'en anxiety makes purer now !
Her lips compressed, as if her very breath
Might wake the sleeper from that sleep like death ;
Her dewy eyes, with pity's offerings wet,
With earnest look are on that pale cheek set
In one deep glance so searching, soft, and mild,
As if 'twere watching o'er an only child !
But who is he she takes such interest in,
Who mutters wildly, like some child of sin ;
And raves of slaughter, vengeance deep and dire,
Of wreck and rapine, sword, and wasting fire ?
Pale is his cheek, as alabaster pale,
And shrunk his arched expanding brow ; the frail
Breath comes thick and heavy in gasps that e'er
Seem feebly struggling for the mastery there.
'Tis he ! the pirate ! rescued from the wave
That had so nearly yawned for him a grave !
Clasped in delirium's embrace he lay,
With rolling eye all wild with maniac ray ;
And shrivelled cheek of deep and ashy hue,
Save where the hectic's kindled flushings grew,
Burning and bright with feverish, sickly glow,
Lighting the brow with unutterable woe !




The wave had whelméd all, but spared this one,
With every hope of darkened life undone,
To follow still the life he had begun.
To stain his sword with deeper dye,
For wrongs he deemed he had endured ;
And further glut that angry eye
To blood and slaughter long inured.
And is it thus that Fate will spare
The perverse wretch who cannot share
The fellow-feelings of his kind,
To plunge in guilt with fury blind ?
Away ! unto our tale to trace
The blackened page still further on ;
We yet may find some brighter place
Where crime ne'er dared to tread upon ;
For oft across Guilt's darkened way
Will steal one clear untarnished ray,
And melt with soft, resistless dart
The hardness of its iron heart.
That beam is Love—oh ! gentle spell,
That rules the soul with sweetening sway,
Say, can one thought of darkness dwell
Where thou hast poured thy living ray ?
One only son the old chief had,
Whose youthful blood was early shed ;
And grew his aged spirit sad
Whene'er he dwelt upon the dead.
By pirate hands his blood was poured—
He fell beneath their chieftain's sword,

While battling bravely in the strife,
To shield another dearer life ;
And she, his bride, in wild despair,
Leaped on the steel for slaughter bare,
And on his warm and gasping trunk,
A helpless, bleeding body sunk !
For years, long years, he deemed he heard
His son's death-shriek in every breeze,
Low whispering thro' the rustling trees,
That round the castle darkly gird.
And gentle Laura—then a child—
Mourned for her brother long and wild ;
And still when of him she would speak,
A tear would stain her tender cheek,
And flutter in her breast the sigh,
That roused the softness in her eye.
'Twas she who watched the shipwrecked youth,
And strove to cool his burning brow ;
And asked his ear, with her soft lute,
To listen to its mellow flow.
In slumber's arms he lay embraced,
That prelude sure to reason's dawn,
When all the flaccid nerves are braced
By strength from rest so sweetly drawn.
He started, and in wonder gazed,
As wakened reason's steady rays
Beamed from his eye, and mildly blazed,
With all the pride of happier days.

He looked, and wild conjecture rose,
In all its thousand varied forms ;
And kindled fears that these were foes
More deadly than the ocean's storms.
But when his startled, asking eye
Fell on that form so sweetly shy,
That flitted like an angel by,
He banished all his needless fears,
And memory back to bygone years,
When his young life was in its spring,
Flew with a quick untrammelled wing.
He thought of one sweet budding face,
That ever smiled with changeless grace ;
And seemed to make all places bright,
Like day-beams after blackest night !
He thought, and memory softly stole
One teardrop from his melting eye ;
Oh ! blame him not, for tho' his soul
Was steeped in guilt's unholy dye,
Yet he could weep when softer mood
Had weaned his soul from thoughts of blood ;
And bade him think o'er bygone days,
When but a young and careless boy
He sported in the flushing blaze
Of bounding youth's unclouded joy !
Yes, *then* he'd weep when none was near
To watch that offering of a tear
Unto the past, for ever dear !

He fain would speak ; but with that sign,
That ever bids us to be mute,
She bade him still his tongue resign
To silence, and took down her lute,
And poured a tide of gushing song,
And flung her glancing hand among
Its trembling chords, and artless smiled,
So pure, so languishingly mild,
That he, the pirate ! murderer !
As fell his drooping eye on her,
Felt all the softness of a child
Spring to his eye in anguish wild ;
And he who but *one* tear before
Shed over boyhood's happy day,
Now let the burning drops rush o'er,
And bear his very soul away
Upon their breasts in rapid flow,
In one wild gush of melting woe !
The thin lips moved as if in prayer,
That lately breathed such dark despair ;
And cleared his proud, expanding brow,
So ever gloomy until now,
As if the bounteous hand of heaven,
Had to his troubled spirit given
Such calm as only those can feel
Who humbly to their God e'er kneel !
She ceased, but twilight's deepening shade
Concealed the deep impression made




Upon his soul, and hid the tears
That wept above the guilt of years.
How sweet to see the hardened eye
With pure repentance melting o'er,
And hear that bosom heave the sigh
That softness never knew before ;—
That e'er was steeled till something pure appears,
And turns the heart to one deep flood of tears !
“ Oh ! what a pure and sacred thing ”*
Is *artless* beauty's winning smile,
That thus can tender feelings bring
To hearts however hard and vile !
'Tis like the rain-drops to the earth,
Parched with the day-god's hardening ray ;
That calls into all-blushing birth
The bloom that decks the cheek of May !
Rushed quick and warm, and deeply bright,
Unto her brow the conscious blood ;
And lit that cheek with radiant light,
Now flowering into womanhood !
As on her lingered still the rays
Of his large dark eyes' living blaze.
She glid'd away with gentle tread,
Unheard as a tear-drop's fall,
When slumber closed the stranger's lid,
And darkness reigned supreme o'er all.

* Moore's “ Lalla Rookh ”—“ Fireworshippers.”

CANTO IV.

THE night is forth, the dewy night !
And looks the young moon chastely clear ;
Shedding that soft and silvery light,
To loving hearts so dearly dear !
Sweet moonlight ! 'tis the lonely hour,
That thrills with silent love the heart !
And flings the soothing fairy shower
Of rapture o'er each trembling part ;
And swells the breast with warmest sigh,
And calls the dew into the eye,
And lights it with so pure a flame
That virtue's self no more could claim !
And at this hour, when all is bright,
And nature bends in calm repose,
And Cynthia's trembling radiance throws
A sacredness around the night,
'Tis sweet to gaze upon the wave—
Full many a victim's slabless grave !—
To list unto its murmuring flow
Beneath the night wind's playful kiss,
Breathing a plaint as warm and low
As if it rolled in very bliss !
But sweeter far the wooing scene,
When with our young heart's choice we rove ;
With no dark cloud to intervene,



And shade the smile which friendship wove
Into one look of speechless love !
“ Oh ! Laura ! how I bless the day—
Tho' fierce, it had its thousand charms—
That flung me, well-nigh lifeless clay,
Into thy dear reviving arms !
Once I had wished that that rude wave
Might free my spirit from its thrall,
And bury in the longed-for grave
My deepening misery—sorrow—all !
How had I cursed that heart-wrung thought,
Had I but seen thy fairy form
Come, like an angel, all unsought,
To wrench me from that furious storm ;
And win me to that life again,
So fraught with agony and pain.
I thought when first I oped my eyes,
And saw thee o'er me smiling bend,
With looks wherein a glad surprise
With anxious pity seemed to blend,
That all was but a hideous dream,
Which round me its dark web had cast ;
From which thy bright eyes' mellow beam
Had waked my weary soul at last !
I looked around me, fearful still,
Lest thou might be a thing of air,
Sent by some gibing fiend to fill
My aching breast—blush not my fair !—
With deeper wildness of despair !

4

But no ; thy glance, too deep, too pure,
Seemed back my ebbing life to lure ;
To ask my saddening spirit then,
To look its wonted self again.
I felt my blood warm, warmer grow,
And course my veins with quicker flow ;
As on thee fell my lingering gaze,
And memory flew to other days,
When I was but a lisping child,
With spirit buoyant, free, and wild.
Then marvel not, my Laura, dear !
That memory asked me for a tear ;
For oh ! this eye, tho' dark and deep,
My mother's softness oft doth steep.
Yes, Laura ! yes, I've learned to weep,
Schooled in adversity's dark school ;
Nor hid my tears when others smiled,
And called me but a female fool—
A simple bantling, o'ergrown child.
This soul was never made to quail ;
This cheek no danger can turn pale ;
Nor can it shame my manhood when
A tear steals from my moistened eye ;
Or big my breast heaves with the sigh,
O'er days that ne'er can come again !
I pride me that a tear can steep
This lid, tho' every living tongue
Its biting taunts upon me flung ;—

'Tis *but* the coward fears to weep !
He fears the gibes the servile crew
Hurl on the tearful, crouching knave !
And deems this sleek, unblushing slave,
That if he curbs the heart's pure dew,
He ranks him 'mong the proudest brave !"
He ceased, and all the heart's warm blood
Rushed to his cheek with rosy flood ;
And gazed upon the starlight sky,
His large and dark and flashing eye ;
As o'er his brow a shadow cast
Its fitful shade, then quickly past.
His kindling eye shone out with softened glow,
As Laura's bosom—animated snow !
A pillow to his aching temples gave,
To rock to sleep him like the rippling wave
The sea-gull on its throbbing bosom borne,
Whose plumage late by tempest wrath was torn.
She looked into his saddening face,
With artless, witching, winning grace ;
Her cheek flushed by a thousand charms,
As round him twined her circling arms.
" Ah ! Oscar, why so sad to-night ;
Can Laura's voice thy spirit cheer ?
Look up, my love ! see all looks bright ;
And canst thou wear a brow so drear !
See yonder, Oscar ! lightly float
My father's skiff and favourite boat ;

Then let us glide upon the deep,
And I will sing thy grief to sleep."
She said, and light as antelope,
Sprung down the undulating slope,
To where, within the moonlight bay,
The anchored boat in mooring lay.
Soft as the gleam that twilight throws
Around the wanderer's closing day ;
On startled echo trembling rose,
The pathos of that thrilling lay :—

As sinks the last ray of the setting sun,
And Dian's beam peers trembling o'er the wave ;
My spirit loves to think of thee, lost one,
And blend a tear-drop with thy watery grave !


Oft when the passage of the passing cloud
Hung curtaining shadows o'er the moonbeam's pride,
Methinks I've seen thee in thy bloody shroud,
All pale and haggard o'er the waters glide !

Full oft my eye would thwart yon blue vault roam,
And watch the shadows o'er it fitful driven ;
Then strive to gaze into thy blissful home,
Athro' the stars, as if they oped to heaven !

Oh ! years, long years, have these dark waters rolled
O'er thy cold corse, my brother, ever dear !
But never yet above a heart more bold,
Or soul that knew not what it was to fear !

Peace to thy spirit ! a fond sister's prayer,
E'er mounts for thee unto the throne above ;
And pleads unceasing 'fore the Godhead there,
With all the fervour of a sister's love !

She ceased, the tear was in her eye—
That nightly tear by memory shed ;



And stained her tender cheek, e'er dry,
Save when she thought upon the dead :
And never looked that eye more bright
Than on a night so fair as this,
When that tear gleamed with holy light,
Reflected from the moonbeam's kiss !
But why did he, the pirate, start
As if a shaft had pierced his heart ;
When rang so thrilling, deep, and clear,
That lonely lay upon his ear ?
Why turned his cheek so deadly pale ?
Why wildly gleamed his keen dark eye ?
Does some unholy thought assail ,
His heart, and freeze its life-drops dry ?
I know not, but he calmer seemed
When that lone song was hushed and o'er ;
And mild and steady, clearly beamed
His piercing large eye as before.
“ Oh ! Oscar ! look how purely chaste
The moon looks on this watery waste,
With calm, unvarying, winning smile,
Free, free as infancy from guile ;
Shedding a glory o'er the wave,—
My hapless brother's early grave ! ” *

* It has been urged, by some of my friends, that Laura's affection for her brother is overdrawn ; but when it is remembered that *all* her love was divided between her father and brother, till fate threw Oscar in her way, it may not seem so highly coloured

Her faltering voice could say no more ;
She sunk into her Oscar's arms ;
Her eye with softness brimming o'er,
That lent, as e'er it lent before,
A tenfold radiance to its charms !
Methinks the tear on beauty's lid,
Is like the dewdrop trembling o'er
The folded rosebud's gentle core ;
Which wakens charms unborn and hid,
That never blushed in day before !
Yet who the bright blue eye could steep
In weeping's soft and misty haze ;
To watch its clouded radiance leap
Into a deeper, prouder blaze ?
“ Yes, yes, yon beam doth brightly shine ;
But oh ! how coldly unto thine !
I would not give thy look of light
For all the beams that gild the night
Of polar climes ;—no, no, my love,
For thine doth light my soul above !
But, Laura, sweet ! the night grows chill ;
And yonder watchlights on the hill
Seem waxing faint and feebly low,
And but a scanty glimmer throw ;
Then let us back,—thy father waits
To bar the castle's outer gates ;


as at first sight. The reader is also requested to recollect that the young lady in question was *not a nineteenth century girl*.

I would not keep the old chief thus
Expectant long, my love ! of us."


CANTO V.

THE morn is in the laughing skies ;
The woodland warblers gaily sing ;
Pouring their jubilant melodies
In welcome to the day's bright king.
All wears a look of brilliant grace,
As on Creation's first-born dawn ;
When from the day-god's flushing face
The curtaining darkness was withdrawn,
And infant Nature, smiling, lay
Swathed in his newly kindled ray !
But list ! within the castle walls
The many-voiced confusion reigns ;
And thro' its dim and spacious halls
The quick, inquiring eye-ball strains.
Hark ! hark ! again unto that shout,
That on the morning air broke out ;
So full of anxious woe, of dread,
As if 'twould wake the very dead !
'Tis Oscar's name that wildly rings,
And mounts all lustily on high :
But no response the query brings,
But echo's mimicking reply.

And where is she, the mateless dove ?
Seeks she not for her absent love ?
Can then the gentle Laura brook
That he should thus alone depart ;
Whose every word, whose every look,
Had such deep sweetness for her heart ?
Ah ! no, within her lonely bower,
To shed the soft reviving shower ;
And let her deep-wrung bosom bleed,
She crept, that none her grief might heed.
A missive in her hand she grasps,
And to her breast it wildly clasps.
Approach, thou curious eye, and read :—
“ If still to memory constant, wilt thou think
Of him thou rescued from destruction’s brink ;
Whose wild eyes saw thee, thro’ their haggard glare,
Stand sweetly smiling, like a child of air,
Before him, tottering on that giddy height,
Whose depths seemed darkling as eternal night !
Within this breast full many a thought doth dwell,
That makes it boil like that dark, furious hell,
Whose living billows foam and madly roar,
Yet never break upon a friendly shore !
But as the moonbeam sways the flowing tide,
Thine angel smile my troubled soul could guide ;
And my dark brow unbent would brightening shine
With light reflected, gentle love, from thine !
Thy guileless soul a ray to mine has given,
That yet may light its weary wing to heaven :



For oft, full oft, have souls like thine—sublime !
Won back the erring from the path of crime :
And flung a pure, a living sunshine o'er
The way that led to naught but guilt before ;
How kind was yon fair heaven in sending thee
To guide my steps—my guardian star to be ;
To melt this heart with beams thy pureness shed,
Long, long, to every better feeling dead !
Now can I lift my melting eye above,
With looks all lightened by a new-born love,
And ask the God who rules in mercy there,
To bless thy name, aye mingled with my prayer ;
And thy pure soul with double radiance bless,
To shine more brightly as thy days progress.
Mine eye could weep o'er days for ever dear ;
But thou hast wrung from 't a far sweeter tear—
A drop that never yet mine eyelid bore,
Or stained the pallor of my cheek before.
Yes, Laura ! yes, my deep repentance brings,
The thousand memories of a thousand things,
O'er which in days gone by I dared not think,
Tho' ever standing on hell's fearful brink,
So near't methinks I heard full often there
The deathless howl of eternity's despair !
Whither I go—I go but for a time,
It is the scene of many a former crime ;
But yet, oh ! yet, my gentle love ! 'twill be
A brighter place—thanks, thanks to heaven and thee !




'Tis not far hence ; and oft, my love, I'll come,
When moonlight kindles up the feathery foam ;
With all its thousand pure, unvarying charms,
And seek repose within thy circling arms.
Where thy sweet garden stretches to the creek,
Guid'd by thine eyes, my little bark will seek ;
Till then my memory on thee aye shall dwell,
With softest feeling—Laura, love, farewell ! ”
But lo ! she starts : what saw she then ?
Her cheek hath flushed and paled again ;
“ O God ! art thou a phantom sent
To wreak on me some punishment
For some unholy deed that I
Am guilty of unconsciously ? ”
Before her startled gaze a pale youth stands ;
Across his bosom twine his slender hands ;
His head declines, his sable locks stream wild,
Like raven's plumage on his shoulders piled ;
The flowing mantle loosely backward flung,
Reveals the sabre as it proudly clung.
Erect his frame, all pale his bloodless cheeks ;
While from that eye a dauntless spirit speaks.
He gazed upon her with a loving gaze,
As round his lips a wreathing smile soft plays ;
While she with fear hung down her beauteous head,
Lest he might be some spirit from the dead.
She strove the rising shriek to smother :
“ My Laura ! knowest thou not thy brother ? ”

“ My brother—no ! beneath the wave,
He found, alas ! an early grave ;
By murderous hands his blood was shed,
And long is numbered with the dead.”

“ My Laura ! wouldst thou know the token
Thy childish hands once gave to him,
When that sweet voice with sobs was broken,
And swam thine eyes with tear-drops dim,
On that last dread and fatal day,
When Otho’s bark left yonder bay ? ”


“ I would ! I would ! ” the maiden cries,
Excitement kindling up her eyes :
“ Oh ! let these eyes that token see,
And I’ll believe that thou art he ! ”

He slowly from his bosom drew,
And smiling, held it up to view,
A heart of emerald’s purest ray,
The treasured gift of childhood’s day !
She mutely gazed, nor strove to speak,
For silent rapture chains her tongue :
Till brake the spell, then with a shriek,
Into his arms she wildly sprung,
And fluttered like a gentle dove
Upon his breast in very love !
Ah ! how the heart that long has bled
For those it deemed among the dead,
Springs into wild ecstatic joy,
Undashed by aught that can alloy,

Or mar the soft and whispering flow
Of that delight which, caught from woe,
With doubled sweetness softly flies,
And centres in the dewy eyes :—
When he, the absent long, appears,
And bids the eye weep rapture's tears !
Warm, warm he clasped her to that breast,
To which with brimming love she flew ;
And like a rose in folded rest,
Upon it in soft blushes grew !
He gazed upon her blooming cheek,
Nor dried the tears that o'er it dashed :
For they a deeper love do speak
Than brightest smiles that ever flashed.
Ah ! gentle reader ! blame her not,
If for a moment she forgot
Her young heart's love—her Oscar, then,
For him who thus all smiling stood,
As if arisen to life again—
Before her living flesh and blood !
Yes, there he stood as proud a form
As ever breasted ocean's storm,
Or raised in fight the smiting arm,
When lance and spur were firmly set,
And charging lines in conflict met.
Within the castle's lighted halls
The goblet circles freely round ;
And jovial laughter shakes the walls,
 *Which echo back the mirthful sound,*

As if they would not be outdone
In welcoming their chieftain's son ;
For whom, alas ! for many a year,
Had flowed the unavailing tear,
To mourn him, deeming that his head
Was pillowed 'mong the youthful dead.
But no—a captive had he lain
Within the corsair's gloomy cave ;
Snatched from a mangled heap of slain,
To be the lawless murderer's slave !
Oh ! how the haughty spirit writhes
In fetters which it cannot break,
When every effort but divides
A heart-string—adds a keener ache,
And widens more the gulf that lies
And frowns between despair and hope ;
Yet still it struggles, still it tries,
With adverse fate to sternly cope.
Beset my guards whose hungry eyes,
Unsleeping, watched their captive o'er,
Lest this so dear and hard-won prize,
Unransomed might escape their shore :
He lingered on in sullen mood,
Amid those frightful scenes of blood ;
Nor heed'd the chain that round him clang
But smiled on every added pang ;
Till chance, however poor, once more
Should draw the bolts from freedom's door,

Proclaim the captive's thralldon o'er,
And bid him roam in pride again,
Among his joyful fellow-men.
As steals into the rosebud's heart
The dewdrop, nestling there secure,
And softly bathes each blushing part
With dewy fragrance purely pure ;
And seems to kiss the folded leaves
To glowing life, and sweetly weaves
The thousand charms that aye illumine
The floweret in its maiden bloom ;
So creeps the long, long absent smile
Of freedom to the bounding breast,
When first from fetters dark and vile
It springs, all-blessing and all blest.
Years crept along—the lusty eye
Of gain too surely watched its prey ;
Till hope within him seemed to die,
As rolled each dreary hour away.
Too proud to yield, his spirit rose
Supreme above the many woes
Inflicted by his savage foes,
Beneath contempt, too mean to hate,
He sternly bore his iron fate
With that unconquerable disdain
That calmly views and laughs at pain,
And seems to rather court than flee
The pangs that wait on slavery.



At length the happy moment comes,
When revel shakes the pirates' den,
And round the sparkling goblet foams,
Quick quaffed, refilled, and pledged again,
Till slumber wraps their swimming eyes,
And all is still and drunkly mute ;
And man around degraded lies,
Beneath the very meanest brute !
Quick Otho bounds unto the shore,
Springs to a boat, and grasps the oar,
And 'thwart the ocean's bubbling foam,
Securely sought his native home.



CANTO VI.


WHERE weary breaks the ebbless sea*
In languid ripples on the shore,
Full many a caverned rock there be,
Which mortal dared not to explore.
And blindly reel the dark waves in,
Like drunkards in the revel's brawl ;
With furious, dark, and horrid din,
To lash them 'gainst the rocky wall,
That answers back their boisterous call,

* The Mediterranean has no visible tides. (See Byron's "Siege of Corinth," p. 66, section xvi.)

'Sif demons had been stationed round,
To echo back the unholy sound !
He who has seen the wild waves eap
In playful mood against the rock,
That flings it with repulsive shock
Back on the blue expanding deep,
In one large, brilliant, glittering mass
Of sparkling spray, like shivered glass,
Will feel athro' his bosom swell
The thought, how sullen souls repel
The winning smile, the soothing kiss,
Which coaxing beauty ever tries
To win again to calm's sweet bliss
The soul that deep in passion lies ;
And turns that smile which love endears
To one deep gush of heartfelt tears !
But to our theme : within a cave,
Hewn by the headlong dashing wave,—
Whose gloomy look doth well attest
Within it dwells no saintly guest,—
The ocean-robber built his nest,
Unfearing aught would dare invade
The depths where guilt its stronghold made.
Securely undisturbed they dwelt,
While hapless craft their sabres felt—
Sabres whose dark unholy sway
Not valour's self could turn away.
Full many a white and snowy sail,

That 'fore the morning's kissing gale,
Expanding proudly, gently swelled,
And quick the cleaving keel compelled,
Ere twilight's close—so still, so hushed !
'Neath slaughter's rage have deeply blushed ;
As steered they by some creek or bay,
Where sheltered safe the corsair lay
With thirsty sabre bared to slay.
Full many a heart that bounded high
With hope and vigorous life that morn,
I' that dread night was rudely torn
From all that makes it hard to die !
But on this eve no murderous prow,
In treacherous ambush lurking lay ;
And timid crafts, unscathed now,
May speed upon their trackless way :
For now the pirates make them gay,
Within the depths of their dread cave,
Nor from the goblet turn away,
To search the midnight's sleeping wave.
Hark ! thro' the blazing cavern long and loud
Rings the rude laughter of the drunken crowd,
And oath and song in savage concert swell,
To shake the midnight with the sounds of hell !
The flaring torch flings up its flame on high,
And lights with demon glance each drunken eye,
And flickers wildly o'er the sabres piled,
With blackest murder crimsonly defiled.

Hark to the furious shout burst fierce again,
Like demons shrieking o'er the midnight main,
Startling the air with wild and dire alarms,
'Sif hell 'gainst earth rose up in vengeful arms!
The riot deepens, muttered oaths arise,
Thick, quick, and angry, to the wondering skies ;
Some grasp the sword, in mimic war to join,
While others madlier quaff the foaming wine ;
And here the drunken wretch extended lies,
All senses drowned in draughts the grape supplies,
While some with taunting jeer unto him call,
And others staggering, stumbling o'er him, fall.
There swells the clamour of the fierce debate,
Fixing the horrors of some victim's fate ;
Or wild exulting o'er some promised prize,
The fiend mounts into their flashing eyes.
Lo ! far apart, in savage solitude,
The pirate chieftain sits in sullen mood ;
With folded arms, and head declining low ;
The tempting goblet, why doth he forego ?
Where all plunge headlong in festivity,
Why holds *he* thus aloof so joylessly ?
And he their chief ! who spread so plenteous there
For these rude, rugged knaves such sumptuous fare ;
Be still, ye curious ! ye have yet to learn
What makes that brow look thus so fiercely stern.
Look close ! ay, closer still ! know'st thou him not,
Whose soul is stained by many a crimson blot,



Whose name strikes fear into the startled crew,
And wraps the brow in terror's freezing dew.
" 'Tis he! 'tis he!" enough—thou knows't him then,
The insatiate scourge of all his fellow-men!
He rises—pauses—sits him slowly down,
And knits his brow, the darkly gathering frown,
As torn clouds that banner-like do stream
And wrap in gloom Phingari's * trembling beam!
One eye unseen watched each convulsive start
That plain, too plain, betrayed that in his heart
Some dark thought planted its all-fiery dart.
While all the band in riot's wild career
Commingled rush—what bids this straggler here?
Why bends he thus his watchful, keen glance on
Yon chief, who seems all curious eyes to shun?
What wreaths his lip in that unholy smile,—
That brilliant beam which nurtures venom's bile?
In sooth I know not; but fast by his side
A sabre clings, in many a combat tried;
And many a stain from point to jewelled hilt,
Betray in blushes long, long years of guilt!
And oft, full oft, his nervous hand hath felt
If still the pistol decked his glittering belt;
And half the sword called from its shining sheath,
To see if 't be prepared to deal in death:
Quick would it spring, as if imbued with life,
When asked to bare it for the brunt of strife!

* The Moon. (See Byron's, "The Giaour," p. 34, p. e. C.)

Not half so keen the tiger eyes his prey,
As man, whose every nerve is strung to slay,
When ambushed safe he waits the favouring chance,
With soul concentrated in the watchful glance ;
Lies still the heart—the smothered breath comes
thick

And heavy, slow, then hot and choking quick :
But list ! the head strains forward—near, more near,
Approaching footsteps claim the listening ear ;
And eager expectation curbs the breath—
Collects the sinews for the spring of death,
And warms the blood into a fiery glow,
T'await the advent of the coming foe !
He comes ! concealment's broke—athro' the air
Cleaves the keen dagger, flashing bright and bare ;
Then sinks the victim in his gushing gore,
Gives but one gurgling groan, and—all is o'er !
But back !—now all in drunken slumber lay,
Save *he*, the hidden, and his well-watched prey ;
Who still mused on, of danger unaware,—
When hark ! a rustle—“ Knave what do'st thou
there ? ”

“ This answers thee ! ” then thro' the cavern rings
The murderous pistol's deadly echoings !
Unto its purpose false, untrue,
The bullet by him harmless flew ;
But quick upstart his startled band,
Who, staggering, grasp the sheathless brand ;

And wildly rolls each blazing eye,
And angry shouts ascend on high ;
And frightful oaths and furious words
Vie with the sound of clashing swords,
That circling whirl in rings of light,
And make the very darkness bright !
Around the hurried questions fly,
Each searches each his comrade's eye ;
Then pause they for the dread reply.
It comes—'tis short and sternly brief :—
“ Yon traitor wretch would slay your chief ! ”
Like mountain torrents when they gush,
Swelled by the summer's melting snow,
The yelling crowd in madness rush
Upon their self-created foe.
Collected, calm, like one who knows
That all depends on careful blows ;
With pistol in his keen left hand,
While firmly clenched his sword the right ;
He stood as ever yet did stand,
Despair in attitude of fight !
No fear looks from his steady eye,
But gleams it stern, defiant, bold ;
Determined that, if doomed to die,
His life should be full dearly sold !
On, on, they press ; for vengeance calls ;
When lo ! the foremost groanless falls ;

Still on ; another and another
Sinks lifeless on his pirate brother.
Ne'er did that lone but faithful sword
Its crimson work so swiftly ply ;
As now, when 'gainst that wrathful horde
'Tis bared to drink the purple dye !
Comes hot and thick his labouring breath,
And waxes faint his arm in strength ;
Yet dealt he still sure, speedy death
To all who braved that sabre's length.
More furious grew that vengeful shout,
And madlier rose the blood-roused yell,
As foes in quick succession fell
Beneath each death-blow dealt right well !
'Sif every demon had broke out,
And rushed to earth from deepest hell,
That savage cry for blood to swell !
Retreating slow he backward went,
And reached the opening of the cave ;
And then, with toil well-nigh o'erspent,
His sabre's farewell having sent,
He turned, and plunged into the wave !




CANTO VII.

THRO' Otho's halls retainers flit full gay,
For holds he now the jovial festive day ;


And joyous serfs the weary hour beguile,
Forget their bondage, and like freedom smile !
When every bosom mourned Lord Otho lost,
These rough knaves mournèd o'er his memory most ;
For e'er with cheery smile would he them greet,
Make servitude seem light, and labour sweet,
And turn the clanking of their thralldom's chain
To very music—music wrung from pain !
E'er sprang the pleasant word from his proud lips,
Dispelling quick depression's dark eclipse,
And spreading sunshine's happy, gladdening light
Where all was steeped in sorrow's sullen night !
Oft would they pause, and pausing turn the head,
And strain the ear to catch the coming tread ;
Right well they knew it ! firm, and manly, bold,
Its steady echo to their breasts foretold
The joyous greeting that dispels the cloud,
Which ever gathers round the bondage bowed !
Well might each bosom breed the heart-heaved sigh,
And big tears gather in each rugged eye ;
Well might they raise their fettered hands to heaven,
And wildly beg it take the soul 't had given
Back to itself, when sets in death, tho' bright,
And shedding still its soft and silvery light,
The only stars that cheered their slavery's night !
And then, oh ! then the bounding sense of joy,
Free as the mountain snow from all alloy,
Wild as the wind that sweeps o'er hill and plain,

And dances gleeful on the laughing main ;
When that lone star, e'er cherished, ever dear,
To their glad eyes reascends its sphere,
Once more in all the flashing pride that e'er
Flung back the clouds that gaunt and deep despair
Had hung upon the brows that once looked gay,
In the soft sunshine of a happier day !
E'en so their bosoms felt that rapture-swell,
Whose trancing power nor tongue nor pen can tell ;
So thrilling deep that pure sensation given,
It seems a foretaste of the sweets of heaven !
As a young steed that just escapes the rein,
Gives to the wind the flowing tail and mane,
And bounds careering o'er the sounding plain,
With echoing hoof that winged seems to be,
Wild, wild, exulting to be a moment free ;
So beats each heart so long condemned to mourn,
In speechless transport for its lord's return.
O ye whose bosoms spurningly despise
The one who wears the skin, the sable dyes,
With that *unpardonable* darkling hue,
Which Nubia's sun o'er all his kindred threw ;
Relax that look of scorn, so proud and stern,
For *e'en from him* ye can a lesson learn—
A lesson deep of uncomplaining toil,
That, patient, asks the rich, luxuriant soil
To give to labour's hands its choicest fruit
And brightest bud—where buds of beauty shoot ;



From the tiny little jasmine
That creeps along the bower ;
To the languishing luxuriance
Of the garden's fairest flower.
And ye can learn—well learn—how to repay,
If sorrow's night close round your early day
Of manhood, every cheering smile that throws
Its bright reflecting o'er your throbbing woes,
From him brought forth, it seems ne'er to command
The countless riches of his native land.
But be the slave of every wretch who thrives
By bartering thus unnumbered human lives !
As morning dew unseals the sweets that rest
Unwaked and fragrant in the floweret's breast,
And spreads around, tho' budding o'er a tomb,
The living radiance of its newborn bloom,
Sweetening with its pure enlivening breath
Decay's cold bed—the home of silent death ;
So kindly words their softening sway impart,
Unlock the love that sleeps within the heart
Of yonder Ethiop ; bid it bubbling flow
In one wild gush of joy's carnationed glow ;
And making servitude—unholy name !
That brand which lights us to eternal shame,
Thrills manly bosoms with indignant pain—
But the empty jingle of a broken chain !
Ah ! yes, ah ! yes, his wretched heart can feel
That sunny gleam athro' it warmly steal,

And melt the love which, frozen hard and deep,
In icy bondage seemed for aye to sleep !
Well might they love that youthful lord who e'er
Watched o'er their comforts with a parent's care ;
And wreathed each chain with every softest flower,
Lest they might feel its keen corroding power.
Oh ! blest is he who thus unselfish can
Stoop down to heal the woes of fellow-man ;
And dare the sneer that virtue ever meets,
Turning their bitters to unbounded sweets,
And bringing gladness to the hearts that mourned
O'er dearest hopes that seemed for aye inurned !
Oh ! glorious Wilberforce, thou whose voice and pen
Have struck the shackles from unnumbered men ;
And raised thy kind from brute-degraded state
To what they should be by the laws of fate :
Here let me linger, on thy memory dwell,
Since *that* too rose when from their free limbs fell
Those cankering fetters of a thousand years,
Wet, worn, and rusted by their blood and tears,
To that untarnished, ever-blushing fame,
That gladly gathers round a noble name !
Thou Liberator of a hapless race,
Whom grasping avarice would for aye debase
To the foul level of the wolf or bear,
Their only crime the dusky skin they wear !
Thine, thine it was to be their staunchest friend,
Their rights, their weal to combat and defend :



Nor ceased thy labours till their fetters riven,
And rose tumultuous unto gladdened heaven,
In wildest accents from its shattered ban,
The free-born shout of liberated man !
And thou, Columbia ! youthful giant thou !
To write that freedom on the shrinking brow
Of sable slavery—oh ! too long delayed—
Thro' crimson seas didst well and nobly wade !
But ah ! amid the roar of that dread strife,
The fair frail web of thy own proudest's life
Was snapped and sundered by the murderer's knife ;
And then, oh ! then the wild, wild wail arose,
Of thy lorn widowhood—and thy countless woes
Reached their dread climax in that fatal blow,
That laid thy Abbe with his fathers low !
But to our theme :—in welcome to their lord,
Right nimbly bound across the yielding sward
The joyous serfs, in many a mazy spring
Of whirling pleasure's ever-widening ring ;
While swift they twirl the blushing fair along,
And thus all gladdened chaunt this rugged song :—

We regret not the freedom our forefathers lost,
When the dark hand of fate locked their servitude's chain,
Nor the hopes that for ever they weeping deemed crossed,
When wafted in fetters across the wild main :

For tho' to their fair land,
Their beauteous and rare land,

They bade long adieu as their breast swelled with pain,
And their eyes welling wild would
Shed the soft drops of childhood,

O'er the homes where untroubled their infancy smiled :
Yet are we not debtors,
Tho' wearing his fetters,
To him, our loved lord, who our sorrows e'er 'guiled ?

Ne'er, ne'er did the needy unsuccoured depart
From his gate's friendly shade—portals sure to relief—
But as oft have they turned them, with full flowing heart,
To bless the young son of our old gallant chief !
Then strike the proud number,
Why should sorrow encumber
Our eyes with the tear-drop, our bosoms with grief,
Where naught ever darkles
But freshly e'er sparkles
Like the gay laughing day-beam that skips o'er the wave,
That smile so endearing,
So soft, and so cheering,
Of Otho the gallant, the noble, the brave ?

For him, now returned to his forefathers' halls,
We have wept, we have mourned, deep, bitter, and long ;
Till echo grew sad with repeating our calls,
That rang ever wildly its dark hills along :
But now that he's near us,
To comfort and cheer us,
On, on with the dance, louder raise the glad song !
So that echo, once saddened,
Now joyful and gladdened,
May leap o'er the hills with the spring of delight ;
And tell to them listening,
With silver dew glistening,
That Otho, our lord, holds a revel to night !

Swift and nimbly to the song,
Loved and loving bound along,—
Oh ! but they make a joyous throng !
With looks of health, and love, and gladness,
While a tender streak of sadness,

Blending with the mirthful hue,
O'er each playful feature threw
A soft expression, warm, and deep,
As on infant's cheek in sleep ;
Or like the summer's closing day,
Mellowing to the twilight ray.
With laughter's light and buoyant sound,
And lively words, they gather round
 The genial festive board ;
And pledge, as oft they pledged before,
The glowing goblet brimming o'er,
 In welcome to their lord.
All, all is glad ; the flashing torch,
Within the old and gothic porch,
 Flings up a brighter glare,
As proud to shed its dancing light,
Above the feast which on that night,
 Lord Otho spread them there.
In merry gambols, frisking o'er,
Its beams dance on the marble floor
 In wild fantastic play ;
Or leaping in a glow of pride,
Into the outer darkness wide,
They seem with paling ray to chide
 The glance of waking day.
In scattered groups all loudly prate,
The noisy serfs with wine elate—
 Or some rude lay they sing ;

While quick to their dilating eyes
The sparkle of each spirit flies,
 As buoyant thought takes wing,
And wafts them off to other days,
Where fondly fairy hope displays,
 With exultation's glow,
The last link of their heavy chain,
That galled so long, rent, snapped in twain,
 By slavery's last death-throe !
But as they thought of Otho then,
Their brows were wrapped in thought again,
 That seemed to stab their souls ;
For 'fore them, smiling bright and clear—
For ever loved, for ever dear—
 The stream of memory rolls ;
And on its living bosom bears
The brightest days that fondest prayers
 Of slave e'er won from heaven.
Their childhood's joys, their manhood's pride,
The wish expressed and ne'er denied,
 The kind word ever given,
To soothe them when disease's fangs
Struck to their hearts with keenest pangs—
 With phrenzied venom driven ;
In glowing panorama pass
Before them, as if Banquo's glass
 Were spread before their eyes ;
Then, reader, marvel not if they

Did bend the suppliant knee, and pray
That freedom's disenthraling day

Upon them ne'er might rise.

But yet they prayed each brother slave,
Whom fate a brute for master gave,

Might yet again be free—

Free as the wild unshackled wind,
That laughs at those who strive to bind

Its limbs in slavery !

But we do wander :—dance and song
The listless hours of night prolong,

To music's stirring swell ;

And round and round they fleetly move,
Their arms encircling all they love

So deep and dearly well !

Say, who can tell what speechless sweets
O'erflow the breast when 'gainst it beats,

In flutterings warm and wild,

The heart that soothes our keenest woes—
That sanctuary where ever glows

Love, deathless, undefiled !

Nor tongue nor pen can e'er essay
To weave into the amorous lay,


Or even faint express,

That innate rapture of the breast,
Which makes the heart its sacred nest,

To comfort and to bless.

Lord Otho's eye is kindling bright—

Ablaze with that soft, liquid light,
Which ever lends its glow
To those who bend them to unclasp
The hearts that in misfortune's grasp
Writhe, wrung with maddening woe :
And oh ! the joy that burns within,
Till round the full heart seems to spin
Delirious with delight !
And every member seems to fill
With quivering fulness, deepening still,
As all the nerves ecstatic thrill
'Neath its electric light !
And, Laura ! gentle Laura ! thou
Didst watch across thy brother's brow
Such floods of gladness roll,
With eye whose rays as fast they broke,
Full well and eloquently spoke
The rapture of thy soul.
Like bursting roses soft apart,
Thy gentle lips all-quivering start,
'Neath transport's tender kiss ;
And that pure blush that ever steeps
Thy cheek in beauty softly creeps
Unto thy brow, and trembling leaps
Into one blaze of bliss !
How heaves that breast with maiden pride,
As gay and smiling by her side
The long-lost Otho stands,



In living manhood's glorious bloom,
And not a spectre of the tomb,
Returned from foreign lands.
Well speed the song, the giddy dance,
And round the sparkling goblets glance,
Quick quaffed to foam again !
And eyes of beauty lend their ray,
To light the midnight into day,
In pleasure's glowing train.
Hark to the song that floats for thee,
Sweet as the night-wind's lullaby,
On ocean's starlit shore ;
When dancing free it doth rejoice,
And wake the wavelets' murmuring voice,
In softly whispering o'er.
With languishing, deep melody,
It flutters like a lover's sigh,
Breathed warm and trembling low ;
Then passion stealing all the soul,
Its strains with quivering vigour roll,
In pathos' kindled glow.
It is an Eastern maid who sings,
And wakes to life her lute's wild strings,
With careless glancing hand ;
Outpouring in that artless lay
Her soul, warm as the sunny day
That lights her own fair land.
Oft, oft would memory to it roam,

Yet sigh not for her father's home,
Where blue the Indus strays ;
Nor for the feathery cocoa's shade,
Where oft, full oft, she sportive strayed,
Or childhood's fairy bower made,

In her young thoughtless days.
She sees the softly drooping palm
Wave in the twilight's holy calm,

With conscious drooping pride !
And still beside her garden gate
Blooms her own favourite spreading date,
As when, with childish glee elate,


She clapped her hands and cried :—
“ Look, look ! for me, for me, it bears
The golden fruit it yearly wears,
For me, and none beside ! ”

The song is hushed ; but, 'mid the din
Of clashing words, a slave strides in
With quick and anxious steps ; when, hark !—


“ A late-arrived, suspicious barque,
Rides anchored safe within the cove,
That's skirted by the orange grove ;
And from it comes a stranger here,
Who fain would claim Lord Otho's ear.”
Lord Otho bowed his mute reply,
With smiling brow, and laughing eye,
And quick the slave retires in quest,
To usher in the stranger guest.

Proud Otho eyes him curious o'er ;
Mayhap he'd seen that form before,
The wildness in that keen dark eye,
That ruddy cheek of swarthy dye,
That haughty brow that never smiled,
On which the raven locks are piled,
Like sable clouds that fitful stray,
And darkly shade the moonbeam's ray ;
His hands are tightly clasped before,
And bent his eyes upon the floor ;
That fiery glance seemed quenched, subdued,
And humble is his attitude.
He speaks, his measured tone comes clear,
Like music on the listening ear :—
“ With a gladdened breast, from the pirate's nest,
That's built by the ebbless sea,
I've hither come, to thy rocky home,
With tidings glad for thee.
From my home was I torn, in my youth's golden morn,
To strive with the cankering fetter ;
Or join in the revels of these earth-born devils,
Than whom hell's very demons are better !
As pines the caged eagle, tho' captive still regal,
I listlessly languished away ;
And seeming content, to my servitude bent,
Restriction grew less every day.
But this spirit, too proud, never cottoned or bowed,
Thro' those years, rolling heavy and dreary ;


For hope shone afar, like the mariner's star,
The beacon-light cheering the weary.
Long, long did I watch for the moment to snatch
The vengeance that memory endears ;
It came, and this sword full and faithfully poured
The wrath I had treasured for years.
Their fears having past, I, unguarded at last,
Was permitted unquestioned to stray ;
And oh ! how this eye swept the ocean and sky,
On first being admitted to-day !
But woe was the day that I first flung away
Their fetters, and strength 'gan to rally ;
For captive still held, I was fiercely compelled
To join in each murderous sally.
For what could I thus all alone ?
My single arm, to strife unknown,
Would wield the keen redressing sword
In vain against that raging horde.
Soon would I fall their wrath before,
And all my cherished hopes were o'er—
Dashed down to earth in that rash stroke,
Which sleeping fury madly woke,
Ere that the advent of that hour,
When vengeance bolts would quickly shower
Stern retribution, from earth sweep
These furies of the midnight deep ;
'Twas life or death, and I must chose,
Ere gathering night should round us close.



I burned with rage—the threatening sword
Of Damocles flashed o'er my head ;
And coming night should hear the word,
That saved my life or snapped its thread !
I said this hand ne'er felt its clasp
Close round the sword with tightening grasp ;
But were it skilled to wield the blade,
My choice had not been long delayed !
But as it was, the hand of fate
Had barred against me every gate,
Thro' which alone I might essay
To liberty to win my way ;
Or in that dread, unequal strife,
To dearly sell my wretched life.
Methought 'twere better bide my time—
Yet hold my sword aloof from crime,
Till I 'neath practised eye should learn
My fearful lesson, deadly stern !
And that amid the wreck of strife
I might preserve full many a life ;
And now and then might turn my sword
Upon and help to thin their horde,
When gathering smoke and deepening night
Securely offered chance to smite.
I joined them ;—but this goodly steel
E'er sheltered those 'twas meant to slay ;
And many a pirate heart did feel
Its searching keenness thro' each fray



Fierce, fierce, I smote ; for vengeance strung
My every nerve with fearful strength ;
Till, like a lion, raging 'mong
A host of foes I was at length,
Oh ! how I blessed the bounteous hour,
With many a deep and heartfelt prayer,
That placed within my grasp the power
To wreak my soul upon them there !
Well may'st thou deem that mercy ne'er
Did rest its soft and weary wing
Within this breast, and ask it spare
One victim from my offering !
But why now dwell on these things most,
And waste my words in idle boast ;
And airy vauntings of the blows
I dealt on self-created foes ?
Nay, rather let my story be
Of that which most concerneth thee.
One calm, clear eve, long years ago,
When night was gathering dark and chill,
And all, save ocean's sullen flow,
Was hushed and mute, unearthly still ;
Up rose the moon, methought she ne'er
Looked half so bright as, trembling fair,
Her young beams on the water lay,
Or chased each other in their play,
And, like baptismal garments, there
Flowed fleecy clouds all flying free.



Around her—oh so beautifully !
Till seemed she like an angel fair,
Soft peeping from eternity !
I looked upon her till mine eye
Flowed o'er with rapture's silent joy ;
And as I still gazed on, on high,
I thought, with many a bitter sigh,
Of days that had for aye gone by,
Undashed by sorrow's dark alloy,
When I was but a careless boy.
But when I thought upon the day
That I from home was torn away,
My heart, my soul waxed fiercely wild,
And waved this arm, so long defiled
With gnawing chains, and darkly smiled.
Ay, smiled I, for upon that night
A fated bark had hove in sight,
Seen by the searching telescope—
A promised prize to bloody hope !
Yet shuddered, for I thought of those,
Rocked by the ripples of the deep,
Whose lids would for the last time close
Upon that night of earthly sleep.
But still I thank that heaven which gave
This vengeful arm its power to save—
To save and saving once again,
Let loose my soul upon them then !
No sooner was she hurried scanned,

Than rose the signal—quickly manned,
And fleetly gliding o'er the wave,
The pirate vessel quits the cave,
Where safely moored she ever lay
Equipped and ready for her prey.
Well sped she on her deadly course,
'Mid savage shouts and laughter hoarse ;
And oaths and yells of fearful sound,
Till shrunk the very waves around
In terror at the murderous glee
Of these dread robbers of the sea !
What boots it now again to tell

The hideous tale of strife ?

Enough ! thou 'midst its carnage fell,

But hadst thou not a wife ?”

“ I had, I had,” Lord Otho cries,

A wildness springing to his eyes :

“ I had, alas ! but on that day

Death snatched her from these arms away ;

She sunk beneath these very eyes,

To love a beauteous sacrifice !

And this worn arm from that dread grave

Was weak and powerless to save !”

“ She lives !” “ O God ! but tell me where,”

Cries Otho, “ and, by heaven ! whate'er

A mortal's soul can do or dare,

I'll brave in any shape of strife,

For thee, Francesca ; oh ! my life !”

“Hold, Otho ! hold ! and hear me out,
And lest that thou my truth might'st doubt,
Take what she gave, to thee 'twill tell
That I have spoken true and well.”

Forth from his breast the stranger drew

A billet, stained and crushed ;
And o'er it Otho's quick eye flew,

While deep his pale cheek flushed.
He clasped it to his swelling breast,

With rapture's sudden start ;
And raised his eye, and heaven blest,
With thankfulness' big heart.

“She lives, she lives ! Francesca lives !

And ere to-morrow's day-beam gives
Its light unto the waking world,
Iago, be our sail unfurled !

Prepare the carbines, whet the brands,
And see our crew hold good right hands !”
Again the stranger silence breaks,
As with a kindling eye he speaks :—

“Remember'st the night that thou didst 'scape,
When all lay senseless with the grape ?
'Twas I unlocked thy heavy chain,
And drugged the draughts, else all were vain !
I fain would liberate thy bride

With thee, but she too keen was eyed ;
Then vowed I that should chance afford,
She'd owe her freedom to this sword !

She ever deemed that thou wert dead,
Till on that morn that saw thee fled ;
I stood beside her dungeon door
That day, where ne'er I stood before,
And when the angry oaths arose,
Of thy infuriated foes ;
As thro' their teeth thy name they hissed,
I saw her eager stand and list,
With deeply glowing cheek and eye,
Whose glance seemed lighted from on high,
So soft it was, so full of love,
'T could not be earth's, 'twas of above !
Unseen by any eye beside,
But mine, she clasped her hands and cried,
'He lives, he lives ! 'tis he, 'tis he !
My Otho will come back to me !'
Unnoticed by those standing near,
I whispered in her listening ear,
'Sweet lady, have no present fear ;
Prepare some token by to-night,
For I have meditated flight ;
And I, across the midnight wave,
Will find thy Otho, or a grave.'
That night the revel waxed full high,
And I determined do or die !
All, all around in drunken sleep
Had sunk, and I was left to keep
The watch—but 'scape I could not dare ;

For still unnodding lingered there
The Corsair chief—and he must die
Ere I could hope to safely fly :
And laughed already in the sky,
Young morn :—I fired ; but untrue,
My bullet by him harmless flew,
And roused his bloodhounds with a yell,
Like demons just broke loose from hell !
A faithful sword availed me then—
And will avail mayhap again !—
Against their numbers rushing on,
With wine and fury blinded, none
E'er came within this sabre's length,
But felt its keenness and its strength
In every deep avenging blow
That stretched in death a gasping foe !
When near the dark mouth of their cave,
I leaped into the welcome wave,
Which fond they deem my restless grave !
But list thee, Otho ! I will join
My arm and knowledge unto thine ;
For sometimes from the other world
Have wrathful spirits come and hurled
A deeper, deadlier vengeance known
To th' disembodied state alone !
So let us hence, for from the dawn,
The curtaining darkness is withdrawn."

CANTO VIII.

CONFUSION reigns within the corsair's cave,
For plunder asks them o'er the darkened wave :
Some try the lock-springs with attentive hand,
While others whet the guilt-emblazoned brand,
And smile upon the blood that stains it o'er,
As if, instead of dark congealèd gore,
Those spots were gems the deadly weapon wore !
In scattered groups destruction's demons prate,—
Their eyes, their cheeks with hellish joy elate :
For on that morn brought the pirate-spy the word
That promised work for every idle sword—
Fierce, bloody work, the murder of the brave,
Whom fainting valour waxed too weak to save !
But yet some gentle eyes would feel the tear
Course down their cheeks—their velvet softness sere,
For these rude wretches to their hearts are dear,
Despite their crimes, would wildly weep for all
Who 'neath their steel were ever doomed to fall.
Oh ! what a tender, deep, and awful thing
Is trusting woman's love, when blossoming
In fearful tremblings, nursed with fondest care,
Lest aught profane should ever enter there !
In the lowly cabin, or the hall of pride,
In the dungeon's darkness, on the desert wide ;
'Mid the battle's anger, on the field of death,
Where man in anguish yields his parting breath ;

By the bed of sickness, 'neath affliction's rod,
When we would fain upbraid our very God ;
Like sunshine shooting from its sphere above,
Through all, through all gleams forth a woman's
love !


All, all's prepared ; forth from the cave
The vessel seeks the open wave,
With speedy prow and flowing sail,
That woos the freshly rising gale.
Well speeds she on her deadly way,
'Mid silvery showers of sparkling spray
And laughing waves, that round her play
In merry gambols, like young lambs
That joyful frisk around their dams !
Ah ! who would deem that yon fair sail,
That lightly spreads unto the gale
Its snowy breast, and fleetly moves
Like some wild cloud of startled doves,
Doth bear upon its guilty way
A murderous band, stern, bent to slay !
Soft glides she on, as if within
Were joy and peace, instead of sin—
Dark, ruthless sin, which e'er doth make
The very waves in terror quake
And shrink before its hideous hue,
As if a demon o'er them flew !
Full many a heart in manhood's pride,
Big with the warm and crimson tide

Of life, ere dawning morn shall feel
The keenness of the murderer's steel.
Back to the cave,—naught's left to guard
Their ill-got wealth, more precious far
Than that of fabled Istakar,*
But some old men by age debarred
From joining in that fearful strife,
Where man in vain contends for life.
These had grown old and grey in guilt,
Their swords, from searching point to hilt,
Were crimsoned deep ; but now no more
They snuff the fumes of smoking gore ;
But still with nervous, palsied hand,
They grasp the death-inflicting brand,
And with a feeble, trembling blow,
In fancy fell an airy foe !
Then on it fixed their glance remain,
Encrusted with the blood of slain ;
Till memory of the days gone by
Calls up the demon to each eye.
But, hark ! soft muffled whispers come
Low floating o'er the darkling tide ;
Whose languid ripples melt to foam
Against the cavern's rock-bound side.
The aged guard starts from his sleep,
And wistful looks along the deep ;

* See D'Herbelot—Istakar.—C——. Byron and Moore make mention of this cave.

And mutely wonders what can break
The slumbers of their caverned lake.
Mayhap it is his brethren's bark,
That thro' the deep, unchanging dark,
Now cautious feels its lonely way,
Too deeply laden with its prey
To dash, as usual, heedless o'er
The path they skimmed so oft before. .
"It cannot be, it is too soon,
For scarce has yonder maiden moon
Sailed half her nightly course since they
Sped lightly on their glancing way.
Mayhap 'tis but the wild wind now
That dances in some wanton freak,
Upon the wave, and bids it flow
In these young ripples ; but my cheek
Feels not the freshness of its kiss ;
And yet there can't be aught amiss,
For say, who lives there that would brave
The darkness of our ocean-cave ? "
Look, aged robber ! look, a ray
Skips o'er the wave in timid play,
As if it softly ran before,
Thy cave's gaunt grimness to explore ;
A clear, and silvery, shining guide
For some one creeping o'er thy tide.
Say, say, is that some victim's shade
That walks upon the waters now ?
Well mayest thou grasp thy worthless blade,


And terror darkle o'er thy brow !
For yonder comes a vengeful prow,
That ere to-morrow's twilight flies,
And Cynthia silvers o'er the skies,
Shall give to flame and thirsting sword
Thy ill-got treasure—fiend horde !
Upon the shore some foe has sprung,
While to his grasp the cable's flung ;
And 'mid dark oaths and women's cries,
The anchored bark in mooring lies.
The pirate guard, tho' few and old,
Defend in rage their guilty hold ;—
Vain effort ! all are safely bound,
Or pulseless stretched upon the ground.
Lord Otho and his stranger guest
Full quick explore the pirates' nest ;
And there, O God ! all pale and worn,
Before him stands his trembling bride,
Who from his youthful arms was torn
In all the flush of maiden pride !
He breathed her name—it was enough ;
The shriek that shook her dungeon roof
Rang in that clear and gladdened tone,
To Otho's ears so long unknown.
“ Oh ! Otho, let us now away,
Nor wait the light of coming day ;
For ere the dawn dispels the dark
Returns the ocean-robbers' bark.



But, list ! ah, heaven ! 'tis late, 'tis late,
And thou wilt share my wretched fate !”
“ Fear not, my love, their hearts shall feel
The keenness of avenging steel !”
Then turning to his eager band,
Who waited but his proud command :—
“ Now, bold avengers, let each brand
Feel that 'tis in a faithful hand !
Securely linger here, and we
Will soon return, my love, to thee !”
He gently kissed her anxious brow,
Then asked his sabre from its sheath,
And waved it, shouting, proudly, “ Now,
My gallant friends, for life or death !”
Hark to the shout of baffled rage
That from the maddened pirates broke,
As each keen sabre doth engage,
And fell a foe at every stroke !
Hark to the stamp, the angry words—
The clangour of fierce meeting swords,
And gurgling groans of those who fell
Back, answering to each horrible yell !
And blazing torches reel on high,
Like meteors through a troubled sky ;
And sulphury darkness filled the air,
As if the storm-fiend revelled there
In crimson riot, drunk with joy,
And shrieking, mad, “ destroy, destroy !”

Young Otho meets in single fight
The corsair chief, and by the light
Of blazing sails, and masts, and deck,
They struggle on the burning wreck.
Cool, calm, proud Otho meets each blow
Of his dark, demon-visaged foe ;
Whose brow looked fiercer in the glare
That fell upon it hotly there.
His strokes fall in a ceaseless shower,
Dealt reckless with the maniac power
Of baffled fury, whose blind sway
But bares the breast in deadly fray,
And palsies every vital part,
Till war's dread self forgets its art !
Round, and round, and round, they wheel,
Sparks flashing from the crossing steel,
Like worlds, when some convulsion mars
Their steady course athro' the air,
That rudely meet, and brightly there
Flash to a thousand glittering stars !
One well-aimed thrust, and lo ! in death
The pirate gasps his struggling breath ;
With rolling eye all wild with pain,
The last and fiercest of the slain !
The sail is bent, the wind is fair,
The vessel skims the homeward deep ;
And on her deck the pirate there
Is stretched in well-nigh lifeless sleep.

Full gay she bounds the wave along,
'Mid victory's proud triumphal song
And music's swell to soothe away
The languor of the sultry day.
The gladsome crew have ceased to sing,
Into the bay their vessel glides ;
And there, with furled and folded wing,
At anchor safe in mooring rides.
As seeks the anxious bird her nest,
Young Laura seeks her brother's breast ;
And on it nestling warm reclines,
With eye that, oh ! so joyful shines !
But lo ! she pales ! why that quick start,
As if a lance had pierced her heart ?
Oh, gracious heaven ! and can it be
That yonder dying wretch is he
Who held her brother captive—stole
The first love of her virgin soul ?
Ah, yes ! ah, yes ! 'tis all too true !
And o'er his brow now creeps the dew,—
The cold, chill dew of icy death,—
That harbinger of parting breath !
She clasped her hands, looked up to heaven,
And prayed their souls would be forgiven ;
But ere that prayer was half-way o'er,
She sunk, alas ! to rise no more !



THE CRUCIFIXION.

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

PART I.

'Twas midnight o'er Jerusalem ;
 'Twas midnight in the East—
The midnight that had gathered round
 The solemn Paschal feast.
The silent stars were gleaming
 Thro' the ebon orient sky,
Like unnumbered bright eyes beaming,
 Looking from futurity ;
And the distant mountains, catching
 From the night more gloom, did stand
Like gaunt giants, mutely watching
 O'er the silent sleeping land ;
And, rising o'er their summits, gentle Dian
 Sweetly smiled
On the holy hill of Zion,
 Like a mother on her child ;
And a sleepless stream was gleaming,
 Lisping music in its pride,
Like a silver girdle streaming
 From a dusky giant's side ;

And the silence was unbroken,
Save the cooing of the dove,
When his lonely note was spoken
As unmated in his love ;
He sat, with bosom burning,
'Mid the olive's spreading bloom,
Like affection hopeless mourning
O'er its buried treasure's tomb !

The Olive mount was stillness,
Not a murmur floated there ;
But a damp and boding chillness
Was in the heavy air.
Every flower drooped in sadness,
Every leaf was stiff and still ;
Not a single sign of gladness
Showed the solemn gloomy hill ;
A cloud of vapour darkling
O'er it hovered thick and damp,
And the night-fly hid the sparkling
Of its tiny golden lamp ;
Not a sound of life was breathing,
All unmoving sternly stood ;
But the vapour, darkly wreathing
Round the solemn silent wood,
E'en that grew still and rested—
Crowned that wood's extent and breadth,
Till it seemed as if invested
With the diadem of death !

Gethsemane was sleeping ;
All was pulseless, hushed ; but there
Seemed a silent shadow sweeping
Thro' the dead and stagnant air ;
But no *motion* did its *motion*
Impart around to aught ;
E'en the boundless airy ocean
Deeply silent lay as thought ;
E'en the dusky bat e'er flitting
Sportive thro' its shadows fled ;
And the feathered warbler, sitting,
Drooping, sadly hung its head ;
E'en the ebon bird of Pluto*
Shunned the cedar's fragrant bloom ;
His discordant notes were mute—oh,
So terrible the gloom !
That deep unearthly quiet,
That life without a soul ;
The tempest ere its riot
Shakes the world from pole to pole !

The paths that, once enchanted,
Woo'd the wandering steps to rove,
Seemed by noiseless thousands haunted,
Yet not a leaf doth move ;
Not a floweret, crushed and broken,
Owns a single presence there ;

* The Raven.

Not a single trampled token,
 Though a legion filled the air !
'Twas a night of fearful sorrow,
 Immeasurable dread—
A night that had a morrow
 Unprecedented !
A night of mighty wonder,
 Of culminating pain ;
An awful night, that under
 Heaven ne'er shall come again ;
A night of ghastly chillness,
 A life without a breath,
The embodiment of stillness,
 The *living* form of death !
A night toward whose morning
 Eternity had trod,
That saw creation mourning
 The anguish of its God ;
When e'en to heaven rushing
 For its victim, guilt burst in ;
When man, with murder flushing,
 Crowned the pyramid of sin !
Lo ! now who, pacing slowly,
 Wakes the solemn silence round ?
Who, bending meek and lowly,
 Kneeleth on the dew-damp ground
In prayers, motionless, unmoving,
 Reverential, sacred mood,

Heaven's own and lovely, loving,
Supplication attitude ?
Around that head, declining,
Circles slow a wreath of light,
With an awful radiance shining
Thro' the grim and ghastly night ;
And its golden glory spreading,
Like a holy halo there,
A sadder tinge was shedding
On the stilly morning air ;
And lowlier, lowlier stooping,
With its deathless diadem,
Like a lovely flower drooping
On its overburdened stem,
Sinks that head till, like the bleating
Of the lonely lamb, a sob
Bursts from it, which repeating,
The dead earth seems to throb
With animation, as athro' it
Ran a shudder ; every sod,
Every trembling pebble, knew it
Was the weeping of its God !

And the dark and distant heaven
Closed each starlight's tearful eye,
As its ebon vaults were riven
With a universal sigh.
Every leaf and every flower
With a restless motion grew,

Shaking from their breasts a shower
Of that midnight's crystal dew ;
With a deathful, deep desponding,
'Mid that horrid gloom, and drear,
The inanimate responding
To its God's ensanguined tear !

But, hark ! a murmur, hollow
From its hoarseness, wins the ear ;
And the flash of torches follow
On the sound. What means it here ?
Who break the garden's stillness,
Crush the fairest flowers that grow,
Warm the midnight's deathful chillness
With the torch's yellow glow ?
Whence pours this mighty torrent ?
Are their sabres edged with worth ?
Or does a deed abhorrent
Call their angry numbers forth ?
Their naked sabres sparkling
Bode no sweet intent of good ;
But each visage, stern and darkling,
Seems to speak of death and blood ;
On the angry current wending,
Wound its dark destructive way
To where, in meekness bending,
Kneeled that lonely One to pray.
Uprisen from devotion,
Comes He now, as on His ear

The tumult and commotion
Sounded terribly near.
His ashy brow was glowing,
And its light still lit the air,
And, o'er its whiteness growing,
Showed a purple beading there ;
And the shouting of that rabble
To a hoarser murmur swooned,
Like the restless, rushing babble
Of the noisy brook * that wound,
Like a silver serpent, hissing,
As it slowly crept along,
When the wooing winds are kissing
All its murmurs into song !
When that lonely ONE, addressing,
Queried whence and why they came,
When their numbers, nearer pressing,
Hoarsely shouted back His name ;
And He answers, full of feeling,
“ I am He ; you know me well ; ”
When, lo, with terror reeling,
Then that rabble staggering fell !
But, like the raging ocean,
When the tempest fills the air,
They uprose with fierce commotion,
Seized, and seizing, bound Him there ;

* Brook of Cedron.

And the moment next succeeding,
As the heavens held their breath,
Saw the creature madly leading
His Creator unto death !

PART II.

'Twas midday o'er Jerusalem,
'Twas midday in the East,
The midday that had followed on
The solemn Paschal feast ;
And the orient sun was blazing
O'er the parched and thirsty plain ;
And a sight there met his gazing,
He shall ne'er behold again.
The judgment-hall was flowing
With a dense and demon crowd,
And the tumult, wilder growing,
Sounded menacingly loud,
As a thousand voices, fiercer
Than the storm that rends the sky,
Begged the myrmidon of Cæsar
To doom a man to die.
And the famished wolf more snappy
Never ravened round its prey,
Than thy human wolves, unhappy
Judea, on that day !

In their midst, in meekness standing,
 Stood a fettered One, and sad,
Whom murder was demanding,
 With a fury more than mad ;
And He looked upon their madness
 With a dimly tearful eye ;
And His soul was big with sadness,
 As He raised His glance on high ;
While a whispered prayer he uttered
 For the hapless wretches there—
Awful contrast to the muttered
 Threats of those for whom that prayer
Was in silence thus ascending
 To an angry God above :—
Blackest blasphemy was blending
 With the pleading tones of love !
From His shoulders full and flowing
 Streams the royal purple, and
Round His brow, empurpled growing,
 Wound a triple thorny band.
Scourged and bound and bleeding,
 'Mid a more than demon din ;
As lash on lash succeeding,
 Adds and wipes away a sin,
Walks He slowly, while a fearful
 Shout of triumph rends the air ;
Not a pitying, not a tearful
 Eye looked on Him there !

To thy summit, dread Golgotha,
 'Neath the cross's heavy weight,
Where, Jerusalem, thy quota
 Of guilt would culminate !
With feeble steps, and bleeding,
 With a heavy heart, and lone,
The murderers are leading
 That all-atoning One ;
That man might be forgiven,
 Upraised from whence he fell ;
That a path might strike to heaven,
 From the downward road to hell—
This holocaust was offered,
 This ransom blood was spilt,
And Heaven accepts this proffered
 Expiation of our guilt !

'Twas noonday o'er Jerusalem,
 'Twas noonday in the East ;
The noonday that had followed on
 The solemn Paschal feast ;
A noonday when the wailing
 Heavens black with mourning grew,
With the wing of darkness veiling
 From its horror-stricken view
That terrible dread hour,
 Surcharged with mighty pain,
When man was from the power
 Of the Tempter wrenched again ;

When the weeping host of heaven
Appalled stood aghast ;
And the awe-struck rocks were riven,
As an earthquake shuddered past ;
When the startled dead uprising,
Broke the bondage of the grave,
As they heard the agonizing
Cry their God in anguish gave !

'Tis finished ! O Jerusalem !
Thy deed of blood is done,
And thy day of glory's setting
With the setting of thy sun :
And the stranger now doth trample
On thy shattered, fallen pride ;
Retribution stern and ample
For thy fearful deicide !

GETTING GREY.

I was once a giddy youth,
Woe a day—woe a day !
But now I am, forsooth,
Getting grey—getting grey ;
And I can't resist the feeling,
Ever coldly o'er me stealing,
That these grey hairs are revealing
My decay—my decay !

It is no pleasant thought ;
 Woe is me—woe is me !
It makes me sad, and aught,
 Just to see—just to see
That my sun of life is setting,
And my ebon curls are getting
Silver streaked, and I fall fretting,
 Such should be—such should be !

It is worth a tear, methinks,
 Worth a tear—worth a tear ;
And my saddened spirit sinks
 Year by year—year by year ;
To feel no more the glowing
Of my youth—my strength is going,
And my leaf of life is growing
 Very sere—very sere.

And my heart swells with a sigh,
 Very cold—oh ! so cold !
As memory's scroll beneath mine eye
 Is unrolled—is unrolled ;
And I see, to my confusion,
Of white hairs a great profusion,
And I come to the conclusion,
 I am old—I am old !

TO B——.

FAR o'er the wave I wander,
Far o'er the distant sea ;
But my spirit flies over the waters,
To whisper its love-vows to thee.

By the banks of thy native river,
Thro' the long hours of night I roam
For my feverish spirit is ever
With thee in thy sweet rural home.

The distance may widen between me
And the land that is heaven to me ;
But distance and time cannot wean me
From dwelling, my B——, on thee !

Eternity's ocean must lengthen
The bounds of Time's limited sea ;
For the barriers of earth only strengthen
The love that I cherish for thee ;

Ere this heart, all its fondness forgetting,
Or her who has claimed it of me,
Should seek, in the smile of another,
To forego its allegiance to thee.

LOVE.

'Twas the dream of a brighter morn,
'Twas the hope of a happier day ;
In the fulness of pride was it born,
In the fulness of pain died away.

Like the first of an eastern sun,
To its votaries' eyes it arose ;
Like an eastern day it is done,
And the simoon hath followed its close.

It was not the fairy creation
Which the wildness of fancy had wove ;
'Twas the heart's fondest, first emanation,—
'Twas the sanctified spirit of love !

Like a spirit it haunted my slumber,—
Surrounded each object with worth ;
And prompted the flow of each number
My soul in its warmth poured forth.

From my bosom all doubting it banished,
And my soul in its fondness grew blind,
Till, oh ! like a vision it vanished,
And left but the ruin behind !

WHO WOOS.

Who woos a lassie, woo her well,
And woo her e'er and aye, man ;
Who cannot in the end prevail,
Is but a fool and nae man !

Be grave and gay, *look* what you *say*—
This is a first-rate rule, man ;
Be quick to trust—be all you *must*,
But never be a fool, man !

Be fond, be jealous, passionate,
Disconsolate and a' man ;
But never use an angry word—
The bird might fly awa', man !

For love's a thing, whose timid wing
Is slow to furl and fold, man ;
You'll find it best, to let it rest
Awhile before you're bold, man !

But never, never angry be ;
Oh ! never be so cruel, man ;
But hoard and hoard with care the gem,
It is your brightest jewel, man !

PERHAPS.

PERHAPS I love—perhaps I don't;
Perhaps I'm only joking, O!
Perhaps I could—perhaps I won't,
Perhaps I am provoking, O!
Perhaps I don't know how to woo—
An awkward, ugly fellow, O!
Perhaps I don't like eyes of blue,
And silken hair, and yellow, O!

Perhaps I'm like the bee that sips
The sweets of every flower, O!
And, like the bee, would like fresh lips
For every changing hour, O!
Perhaps I am a flighty soul—
A trifling, faithless, rover, O!
And yet, perhaps, I'm on the whole,
An universal lover, O!

Perhaps I like a snowy brow,
And rosy lips and smiling, O!
And cheeks where beauty's blushes grow
So artlessly beguiling, O!
Perhaps I am—perhaps I'm not
Of love a little weary, O!
Perhaps my heart *could* find a spot
For you, my little dearie, O!

•

BESIDE THE GRAVE.

AND this is death !—the first, the last—
The fondest hope of times long past
Lies cold and senseless here ;
And all this wretched heart can give
To her who thus hath ceased to live
Is but an idle tear !

A tear—an unavailing tear—
For one who was so deeply dear,
That burning drop to pour ;
Oh ! cold upon my soul doth sink
The freezing truth to feel and think
I cannot give thee more !

The bursting drop may never start
From out this eye—but in this heart,
So wrecked, and lost, and lone,
The flame 'twas thine to wake, still burns,
And ever will, till it returns
To mingle with thy own !



TO BRIDGET.

I AM not happy ; yet I am not sad ;
I feel no madness ; yet I'm more than mad,—
More mad than madness on the maniac's brow,
For loving Bridget, such a one as thou !

WE'LL FILL A CUP.

WE'LL fill a cup to other times,
Nor be our own forgot,
But link the twain in one bright chain—
Come, fill! who drinks it not
Is but a knave
The purple wave
Doth foam to warm in vain;
But ye whose hearts
Have nobler parts,
The blushing bumper drain!

The past, whose meteor-lights of fame
A constellation shine;
And circle o'er our seagirt shore
Terrestrial lights divine!
The hero wreath,
Whose memories breathe
Of glories glowing still;
Whose deathless bloom
Outlives the tomb:—
One bumper, brothers, fill!

The present, tho' its page records
No mighty triumphs gained;
But thought's proud march can overarch
The field by carnage stained;

And thy sweet smile,
O Peace, the while
Links nations in one soul.
Then, brothers all,
Hark ! to the call,
To peace refill the bowl !

A DREAM.

I LINGERED awhile by the shelving shore ;
My spirit was sad, and the sullen roar
Of the midnight wave, in its angry roll,
Tho' wild, to my heart softly, soothingly stole.

And I listed and paused, as a voice seemed to come,
In affection's soft tones, breathing low o'er the foam ;
And my heart leaped alive, for methought I could
hear
A name I once loved murmured gently and near.

And I listed and paused, listed long and in vain ;
The waters rolled on, but it came not again ;
And I looked up above, but the waning moon's
beam
Lit the tear in mine eye : 'twas a dream, but a
dream !

TO MY BROTHER.

BROTHER mine ! thou art far,
I am lone ;
Like the shooting of a star,
Thou art gone !
But my bosom's bitter swell,
And the bursting tear, can tell
That I love thee deep and well,
Brother mine !

From our childhood's early day
Linked in love ;
Till manhood's morning ray
Broke above
Our path, together ever
We have strayed, and never, never
Could aught thee from me sever,
Brother mine !

Till, O fate, thy dread decree
Sternly came ;
And in that hour, ah, me !
Words of flame !
The bond that bound so near
Was broken, and a tear
Mingled with thy words of cheer,
Brother mine !

Where the Indus rolls his foam
Wild and free,
By thy distant torrid home,
Think of me !
And death alone will tear
From my heart thy memory, there
Fondly nursed with tender care,
Brother mine !

Fare thee well, oh ! never more
Shall mine eye
Gaze on thee ! my day is o'er !
Hush the sigh.
Though the youthful flower assume
Manhood's first and virgin bloom,
'Twill only deck a tomb,
Brother mine !

EPIGRAMS.

THE land of Leonidas, Plato, and song—
The land to which Glory, War, Wisdom belong ;
Accomplishments these : but another's in hand ;
For Murder *too* famous is this famous land !

THERE's honour 'mong thieves, it is said,
The proverb no doubt truly speaks ;
But if honour from rogues should have fled,
She'd never be found among Greeks !

RETROSPECTIVE.

To a past and joyous day
Memory wanders ;
As my thoughts towards it stray,
My spirit ponders ;
And before my swimming eyes
Youthful hopes and dreams arise,
Like starlights in the skies,
Bright and clear :
And the chastened light of love,
Like the day-beam from above,
Shines as dear.

An eye to which is given,
Soft and deep.
The azure hue of heaven
Seems to keep,
Like the sleepless sprite of love,
Unerring watch above
My steps, where'er I move.
Eye of blue !
Oh ! shed as now thy beams
O'er my day as midnight dreams,
Ever true :

And thou wilt cheer my spirit
Once again,
And bid it hope to inherit,
Not in vain,

Thro' the lapse of coming years
That quietude which cheers
Declining life ; tho' tears
 Mix with bliss,
They will trickle as the shower
That revives the drooping flower
 With its kiss.

THE SPIRIT OF MY NATIVE ISLE.

KILLARNEY ! oft when creeping night
Steals softly o'er thy sleeping tide,
Methinks I've seen, all pale and white,
A maiden o'er thy waters glide,
 With floating hair
 That, oh ! so fair—
The day-god's beams seem pale beside.

And 'long that brow the furrowed lines
Are traced by sorrow's burning hand ;
While round it wreathing gently twines
A trefoil chaplet, beauteous band !

 While to her breast
 She fondly pressed
The harp, the harp of Ireland !

But oh ! that drooping eyelid yet
A deeply tender light reveals ;

Like that which virtue wears when death
The paling brow with chillness seals ;
 And deepening bright
 The holy light
Of paradise upon it steals.
I gazed upon her till my brain
Swam round with giddy thought the while :
And then my full heart throbbed with pain,
For well I knew by that sad smile,
 That oh, alas !
 It was—it was
The spirit of my native Isle !

FAREWELL !

FAREWELL, my friends ! my land, farewell !
Thy sorrows and mine too, my land,
Around me weave a mystic spell
Of smiles and tears—a garland bland.
The snow upon thy mountain's brow
May calmly sleep, and sweetly smile ;
Thy laughing streams may frisk and flow,
But lost am I to thee, my isle !
The hueless cheek and tear-dimmed eye
May blush and flash in pride again ;
The aching heart may pulseless lie
Till time's strong sun shall melt its pain ;

The gloomy brow may yet grow bright,
That beam may glow that slept awhile ;
But my pale cheek will never light—
Farewell, my friends, and own loved isle.

I'll sigh for you in a distant land,
Though fortune smile or darkly frown ;—
A hapless youth on a foreign strand
Will weep for you, *mavrone, mavrone*.

My heart is cold as winter's clay,
And pale that cheek that once would smile ;
Oh ! hard's my fate—ah ! must I say
Farewell, my friends, and own loved isle !



THE GRAVE.

Come, bend with me above this mound,
Thou one of worldly fear ;
Nor tread with haughty step this ground,
For virtue's sleeping here.

Bend thy stiff neck, and think, oh, think
That 'neath this pulseless sod
Thy wearied corse one day must sink,
Thy spirit meet its God.

Nay, frown not ! read thy doom in those
Who 'fore thee mouldering lie ;
And think, while mercy o'er thee throws
Its beams, that thou must die :

That thou must die, that but one sheet
Thine icy corse shall bind ;
That all thy splendid dreams will fleet
Like summer's wanton wind.
Oh, think ! oh, think that beauty's bloom
Is but corruption's birth ;
That it but smiles to gild the tomb,
Then fades beneath the earth ;
Here, take these skulls ; say, canst thou tell
Which is the lord—the slave ?
See, both beneath this green sod dwell—
Both found an equal grave !
Ah ! here no purple's gaudy show,
Nor diamond's flash is seen ;
Nor yet can regal beauty glow
With smiles that once have been.
Here all is still—the worm reigns
The *lord* of rich and poor ;
And pride and wealth, and woe and pains
Have entered by one door.

TO FANNY'S FIRST BABY.

WELCOME, little helpless stranger,
To this scene of ceaseless danger,
To this world of woe and pain,—
Welcome o'er and o'er again !

Thou art, babe, unknown to me—
These eyes may never look on thee ;
Yet not the less this heart doth feel
Strange interest in thy future weal.
These eyes may never look in thine,—
Thy infant smile ne'er answer mine ;
And tho' a stranger, it may be,
In after days thou'lt think of me,
When I am mingled with the earth,
And this my lay, that hails thy birth,
Perchance beneath thy musing eye,
In that far distant hour may lie—
A natal *souvenir* to thee—
The all that doth remain of me !
'Twere vain to wish that naught of ill
Might bid thine azure eye distil
One drop of pain—all bright for thee—
Since that with life can never be.
But since that joy must blend with grief,
And life must have an autumn leaf ;
And since, O Peace, thy slumbering lake
Must into sorrowing circles break,
As drops a tear, or shoots a qualm,
So break thy bosom's blissful calm :
Yet this one wish doth still remain,—
May joy, sweet babe, outbalance pain !
And virtue, pure as it was given,
Light thy soft spirit back to heaven !

TO ISABEL.

And can it be that thou art gone,
My Isabel ;
That I must live now lorn and lone,
Oh, Isabel ?
Could, then, no longer death forbear
My lovely flower to me to spare,
While yet it bloomed so blushing fair ?
Oh, Isabel—lost Isabel !

The cheek was fair which heaven gave
My Isabel,
And soft as moonshine on the wave ;
Oh, Isabel !
And, oh ! her soul was warm and mild :
Thro' woe and grief she ever smiled ;
For thou wast nature's favourite child,
My Isabel—lost Isabel !

I loved her when a careless boy,
My Isabel ;
And she would tremble with full joy,
Would Isabel ;
And shed soft rapture's silent tear
When I would whisper in her ear
Sweet, honeyed words—to thee how dear !
Oh, Isabel—lost Isabel !

My only comfort, hope, and guide,
My Isabel,
Is sleeping by her mother's side—
Lost Isabel !
And o'er her cold and mouldering clay
I bend me every night and day,
To sadly muse, and weep, and pray :
Oh, Isabel—lost Isabel !
I'm now a lone and mateless bird,
Oh, Isabel !
And lonely sigh, unknown, unheard,
My Isabel.
Could, then, no longer death forbear
My lovely flower to me to spare,
While yet it bloomed so blushing fair ?
Oh, Isabel—lost Isabel !

TO FANNY.

SWEET Fanny ! how I love that name !
For me it hath a dearer charm
Than others all, tho' brightest fame
In circling halos round them warm.
Sweet Fanny, 'tis not for the mind
To breathe what in the heart doth dwell ;
For, oh ! those feelings thus enshrined
Not language' self can ever tell !

It is not while the blush of youth
Along thy cheek in beauty glows,
That thou canst test the deathless truth
That through this bounding bosom flows.

Ah, no ; but when the hand of time
Hath writ its wrinkles on thy brow,
And age hath blasted beauty's prime,
Oh, then—oh, then the dearer thou !

THO' GLOOMY.

THO' gloomy to-day, yet to-morrow
May laugh in the light of the sun ;
And the eye that is clouded with sorrow,
Like the day, brighter look when 'tis done.

The fairest of flowers blooms ever
With an armèd though delicate stem ;
Yet none have attempted to sever
The thorn that encircles the gem.

Thus ever, thro' life's varied journey,
Some cloud must inevitably stray
O'er thy path, and, though rugged and thorny,
Yet flowers ever bloom on the way.

The captive who pines nigh to madness,
And breathes but the dungeon's dank breath,
Hails the smile of the morning with gladness,
Tho' it smiles but to light him to death.

Then hope not to ever pass over
Life's bridge happy on to the end :
Some cloud o'er thy pathway must hover,
And sunshine with shadow must blend.

MY ALBUM.

WITHIN this book, with fondling care's enshrined
Each lineament to burning friendship dear ;
And if my heart were searched, oh ! thou wouldst
find

Them nestling warmly there as they are here !

When distance sunders every sacred tie,
Or, worse, when death demands the mourning tear,
Ah ! then—ah ! then, though sorrow dim mine eye,
I yet can linger on each feature here.

And I will love to look upon these mute
Reflections of what once the living were,
And meet the smile of friendship's deathless truth,
Beam brightly sparkling o'er each portrait there !

HYMN.

SHIELD me, O Lord ! from every ill !
Oh, be mine aid and comfort still !
When sin would in my breast prevail,
And wrongful thoughts my mind assail

With soft, voluptuous, vicious charm,
 Shield me, O Lord ! from every harm !
 When pain and sorrow's deep, dark swell
 Would teach my spirit to rebel,
 And bear me on its curbless tide
 Adown the headlong paths of pride,
 That slope to hell's eternal sea,
 Teach me, O Lord ! to turn to Thee !
 When bowed beneath affliction's weight,
 My heart doth droop disconsolate ;
 Despair's dark waves around me roll
 To 'whelm my overburdened soul,
 And waft the shattered bark from Thee,
 Then, Lord of mercy, look on me !
 But when the final hour doth come
 That calls my wandering spirit home,
 And slow as ebbs my failing breath,
 And thicker grow the shades of death,
 Assailed by hell's united power,
 Oh, be my solace in that hour !



“ PEACE ! BE STILL ! ”

THE waves were rough, the winds were high,
 The tempest revelled in the sky,
 And darkness, like a mighty pall,
 Hung overshadowing one and all.



The winds were high, and danger rose
Upon the crest of every wave,
And cold each heart in anguish grows,
As wild they heard the tempest rave,
And gazed on naught but one vast grave !
They heard the angry tempest rise,
And with its clamour rose their cries
As wave on wave in fury dark
O'erleaped their struggling, straining bark.
And fearful thoughts their minds assail,
Each anxious, trembling bosom fill,
As louder foamed the raging gale
O'erladen with destruction, till
It heard its God speak, and grew still !

SONG.

WHY sunder hearts thus formed to love
And cherish one another ;
Whose changeless faith and sorrow prove,
That they can love none other :
Which but for you, base hands, and vile,
That crushed, had twined and thriven,
And bloomed beneath the approving smile
That looked on them from heaven ?
And did ye deem the gentle gem
Which ye have dared to sever

And tear from off its bleeding stem,
Would blush as bright as ever ;
And flourish on another breast
Than that from which ye tore it,—
Whose smile would bless as it hath blest
The bosom that had borne it ?
In vain, in uncongenial earth
The plant will only perish ;
The spot alone that gave it birth
Could nurture and could cherish.
Oh ! 'twas a cruel, cruel deed
For ye to thus have wrested
My flower from me, in which the seed—
The last of hope—was vested !

REFLECTIONS.

I AM not of a pensive mood,
Yet sombre thoughts will aye intrude
Like dark, portentous clouds that lour
And shade with gloom my happiest hour.
I am not of a pensive mood,
I have no joy in solitude ;
There may be bliss in being alone
At times—and this I may have known,
But not so great that I would be
Left to my thoughts, and they to me.

This soul is of a different mould,
By different feelings swayed—controlled ;
It ever can and doth rejoice
At faithful friendship's cheerful voice ;
To grasp the hand whose pulses beat
In unison with its own, and meet
The smile whose bright, unchanging play
Glows like the beam of summer's day.
To love, be loved,—oh ! this to me
Is life's best joy—to hear, and see
The one whose heart is mine—my own ;
Oh, then ! *but* then, I'd be alone !



TO BRIDGETTE.

DON'T warble that old tune, Bridgette,—
Don't warble that old tune ;
It makes my spirit think of days
O'ershadowed, oh ! too soon.
Yet once I loved its flow, Bridgette,
So soft, so sweet, and lone ;
But now, alas ! it only brings
A pang in every tone.
Methought no tear could steep, Bridgette,
This languid lid of mine ;
But now remembrance brings the drop
That should but moisten thine.

TO THE SHADOWY LAND.

To the shadowy land—to the shadowy land,
We nearer, nearer go ;
Like a gallant barque thro' the midnight dark,
O'er the ocean's billowy flow.

O'er the surging tide of stormy life,
'Fore the hurricane breath of Fate,
We rush with a speed that is lightning indeed,
To Eternity's ebony gate.

By the breath of Prosperity wafted serene,
From billow to billow we wing ;
Till shooting afar like the meteor-star,
To the realms of ether we spring.

Or lashed by Adversity's arrowy wind,
We draggle athro' the fierce surge ;
Till weary and worn, grief-laden, forlorn,
We sink on Eternity's verge.

To the shadowy land—to the shadowy land,
Be the day brightly flashing or dark,
We are hurrying on, with no harbour but one
To shelter the storm-shattered barque !

"TILL DEATH DO YE DIVIDE."

IN the warm sunshine of thy loving youth,
Ere fancy's dream had flowered into truth,
I saw thee first, and wooed and won, and now
The star that lights my lowly dwelling, thou !
But since that morn when, oh ! with quivering breath
I vowed the vow that made thee mine till death,
A phantom 'fore my anxious eye doth glide,
And mutters e'er, "Till death do ye divide!"
Till death divide—and can it be, O Heaven !
That yon fair brow, to which Thy hand hath given
The sun-kissed snowdrift's virgin softness, must
Return and mingle with its native dust ?
Must the deep azure of those melting eyes,
From out whose depths the laughing life-glance flies
In love's fair fulness, melt away and stare,
The hollow sockets grim and fleshless there ;
And those sweet lips that breathe so much of bliss,
Must they, too, fester 'neath Corruption's kiss,
And wear—oh ! horrid mimickry of breath,
That mocking grin that seems the smile of death ?
'Tis sternly true !—but oh ! how hard t' unroll
And meet the ghastly truth with sober soul ;
And gaze on beauty robbed of all its bloom,
The mouldering tenant of the silent tomb.
To think that what was once so softly fair,
Whose smile could smooth and blunt the sting of care ;

The beauteous rainbow which we oft have known
An arch of promise o'er our pathway thrown
To bid us hope—remember thro' all ill
The heart that loved us once is faithful still ;
To whom with peerless wisdom it was given
To point the path that leads the way to heaven ;
Now 'reft of all its bloom by foul decay,
Doth meet a mass of putrefying clay !



THERE IS.

THERE is a heart that beats for thee,
Big with love's silent melody ;
That music which, tho' breathing near,
None, none but those who love can hear.

There is an eye, tho' bright it be,
Yet brighter grows as't looks on thee ;
And, oh ! that eye full often fills
With dew the o'erjoyed heart distills.

There is a breast that heaving glows,
And with a thousand hopes o'erflows ;
And if to *hope with hope* be mine,
That heart, that breast, is thine—is thine !

THE TOAST.

To other days a bowl, my boys ;
To other days a bowl ;
Their hopes, their sorrows, and their joys,
So glorious on the whole !

The friends we each have known ; the girls
We love and cherish still—
Their azure eyes, their waving curls ;
To each a bumper fill.

The fond ones still at home, my boys ;
The dear ones far away,
Whose spirits o'er the distant foam
May feel our toast to-day :

To those who, in the battle's van,
For right and justice bleed—
Whose life-blood, since the world began,
Has nurtured freedom's seed.

Why not remember him whose skin,
Bronzed by the orient ray,
Is *all* his guilt—too light a sin
To weigh with us to-day ?

Our sable brother, by the free
White hand in friendship wrung,
Since from one genealogic tree
Hath all of human sprung.

Full many a noble heart doth beat
Beneath a sable skin ;
Then wherefore not in concord meet ?
What makes the man's *within*.

Or dark or fair, 'tis all the same,
And but a thing of sight ;
Who loves not morn because it came
From out the womb of night ?

Then, brothers, pledge ; and be our toast
With no clique spirit given ;
Then " Here's to all who love us most, "
And next, " All under heaven ! "



ON MY FATHER'S DEATH.

DIED, MAY, 1867, IN INDIA.

AH ! lovèd parent, must thy children weep
Above the grave where cold thy ashes sleep ?
Are we then doomed to pour the bitter tear
For thee, my father ! lost for ever here ?

I fondly hoped that to thy gladdened breast
Thy long-absent children would again be pressed ;
But oh ! like every other hope that ever yet
This bosom warmed, 'tis now in darkness set,
And we must mourn with unavailing tears
The blighted prospect of our rising years.
Thy children heard not thy departing sigh,
Nor caught the last look of thy glazing eye ;
Nor saw thy shrunken lips convulsive move,
To speak the names that thou didst dearly love ;
No, far away, beneath an eastern sky,
In endless sleep thy hallowed ashes lie ;
But yet shall weeping memory fondly pour
Her deathless prayers unto that distant shore ;
And sorrowing fancy bend above that grave,
Where languid rolls the lonely torrid wave !

OH ! WITH THEE !

Oh ! with thee the world to roam,
And share the Tartar's wandering home,
Nor know no other place of rest
Than that young, fair, and trusting breast !
My soul would pant no more to join
The festive crowd at pleasure's shrine ;
It were enow to find and see
My all, my world of joy, in thee !

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND'S ALBUM.

WHEN on this lettered page thy gaze
In listlessness doth dwell ;
And thoughts of past and joyous days
Upon thy spirit swell ;
And Memory with a smile shall ope
The scroll of Friendship fair,
Oh ! may the humble Minstrel hope
That he's remembered there !
Remembered there, mayhap, when wave
The cypress shadows o'er
His cold and lone and rugged grave
Upon a distant shore :
Upon a distant shore, where none
Shall o'er the stranger's bier
Pray for the spirit that is gone,
Or shed the friendly tear.

OF THEE.

OF thee, when gazing with a lonely eye
On the sparkling splendour of the starlit sky,
My spirit dreams—till dreaming grows so warm,
That fancy's phantoms take a beauteous form,
And glow so bright that, oh ! they seemed to be
The living likeness of what thou wast to me.

4

Of what thou wast to me ere care had thrown
One cloud across the path which erst was strewn
With hope's gay flowerets—now a withered heap,
O'er which e'en Pity would not bend to weep,
But gently turns her drooping head away
From that lone pile of ruin and decay.

But yet, oh ! yet, tho' 'neath affliction's breath
My last fond hope should fading shrink in death ;
Tho' naught remain to cheer this sinking heart,
And till my spirit to its home depart,—
Thine image shall my fondest musings fill,
And I will love thee—love thee dearly still.

'TIS SAID.

'Tis said, my girl, that love is blind,
And true it is ; for, oh, I find
That were my sight but left to me,
I should have looked ere loving thee !

Ah ! woe a day ! my heart, my sight
Are gone, and I am helpless quite ;
And all this woe befalleth me
For loving, *blindly* loving thee.

I do not ask them back ; 'twere vain ;
My heart will ne'er return again ;
But, since you cannot give me mine,
Oh ! give me, dearie, give me thine !

I'D MOURN.

I'd mourn the hopes I cherished—

Dear hopes, how bright their hue !—

If with their fading perished

The love that with them grew ;

But, as that tree whose bark when bruised

A richer fragrance throws,

So thy young soul its sweets diffused

More pure as ills arose.

Nor yet doth sorrow sprinkle

Along that spotless brow

One furrowed line, one wrinkle,

To mar its look of snow ;

And though the weight of sorrow crush

Thy heart as more it grows,

Yet morn ne'er woke with lovelier blush

Than on thy fair cheek glows.

And when I ask what lightens

Thy weight of burning woe,

Thy brilliant blue eye brightens,

More deep thy blushes grow ;

And, timid as the gentle dove,

Thou to my breast dost fly,

And in that earnest look of love

I read the dear reply !

EVANGELINE.*

LIKE music soft and sweet it came,
The echo of a murmured name,
Breathed low and deep, again, again,
Along the silent moonlit glen—

Evangeline !

Anon it loud and louder grew,
Till from its nest the wild bird flew,
With shrilly shriek, on startled wings,
As swelling thro' the woodland rings—

Evangeline !

With headlong rush, the rude rocks o'er,
With many a wind and deafening roar,
A torrent thro' that valley flows ;
But louder than its thunder rose—

Evangeline !

Again, with deeper earnestness,
In accents breathing of distress ;
And echo bears it far, afar,
As boding clouds shut out each star—

Evangeline !

But no reply spoke far or near
To greet the wanderer's straining ear ;
Yet still the anxious voice was heard
Repeating loud the one loved word—

Evangeline !

* Imitation, "Excelsior"—LONGFELLOW.

Long, long and vain, all thro' the night,
Till morning tinged the east with light,
The lover sought, with wearied pace,
But came not there to his embrace—
Evangeline !

Long years have passed, and with the dead
The youth is numbered ; but 'tis said
A phantom form is seen to glide,
Low murmuring, o'er that torrent's tide—
Evangeline !

TO FANNY.

THERE was a day that ever had
An hour in which my soul was sad ;
And yet an hour when I could be
Happy in beholding thee.

The day remains, but gone the hour
That o'er me had such mystic power ;
And with its smile my joy is gone,
And I am sad, because alone.

Tho' gone the hour that made me glad,
Tho' I am lone, and thus am sad,
Yet thoughts do with me still remain
To soothe if not to soften pain.

Tho' passed my brightest, happiest day,
Which, as it swiftly winged away,
Took with it all I loved from me ;
I bless it still for leaving thee.

And, tho' afar thou bidest now,
Yet I will wear no gloomy brow ;
For yet methinks a day will come
When thou wilt bless again my home.

REMEMBER THEE !

I HEARD a whisper, thro' the solemn gloom,
That filled my chamber, in the midnight drear ;
And soft its echo seemed to soothing come
With solace laden, and I joyed to hear.

I joyed to hear, for thro' my heart a pang
Of sleepless sorrow darted, burning me ;
But sweet that voice, in syren whispers, sang,
“ Remember, dearest ! I'll remember thee ! ”

And I was happy, and my bosom, beating,
Heaved high with gladness, like a swelling sea ;
And sleep came o'er me as I dozed, repeating,
“ Remember, dearest ! I'll remember thee ! ”

A TEAR.

I ask thee not to love,
Tho' thou art more than dear ;
For thou art more than this lone heart
Can ever hope for here ;—

I ask not from thy lip
One kiss, tho' it would bless ;
Nor yet those love-encircling arms
To yield one fond caress ;—

I ask not from those tresses
One slender lock, one hair ;
For, oh ! their golden loveliness
Might teach me to despair ;—

I ask not from thy bosom
One sigh, though it would be
The balm that Gilead only holds
For sorrow and for me ;—

I ask not that thine hand
In pressure meet mine own ;
For then my heart would feel a pulse
It never should have known ;—

I would not on thy brow
A smile would rise the while
I gazed ; for then I fain would kiss
The birthplace of that smile ;—

I would not that thy heart
Might speak in feeling tone ;
For then, like snowfall on the wave,
'Twould blend it with mine own ;—

I would not have thee string
Thy lute, to join thy song ;
For then my soul would drink a draught
For peace too sweetly strong ;—

I would not have thee speak
One whispered word and low,
Lest in my heart one bud of hope
Should 'neath its influence grow ;—

All these let others claim ;
But, from the deep, the clear,
The glorious azure of thine eye,
Oh ! give, give me a tear !

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

GENTLE the tear o'er the warrior's grave,
Soft be the sigh that ye give to the brave,
And deep be the prayer that ye whisper to heaven,
For the soul that returns now to Him who hath
given !

Where the battle was fiercest, the cannon's dread roar
Proclaimed that destruction went crashing before ;
Where triumph was shouting, or shrieking despair,
Like a star 'mid the tempest, his sabre was there.

Ever foremost in danger, where danger could yield
A pathway to fame on the death-stricken field,
Where the air was o'erladen with slaughter's hot
breath ;

But the pathway to fame is—the pathway to death !

Then soft be the sigh o'er his grave that ye breathe !
Let your tears, falling gently, then nurture his wreath,
And the prayer that ye whisper in sorrow to heaven
Accompany his soul back to Him who had given !



TELL ME NOT.

TELL me not that woman's false,
In deceit for ever dealing,
Hearts from other bosoms stealing,
While her own, untouched by feeling,
Gloats upon its pain :
Ever carelessly unheeding
That lone heart, in silence bleeding,
While the shafts her eyes are speeding
Fall a fierce and arrowy rain,
By falsehood fledged to fly again.

'Tis thus ye speak whose hearts ne'er felt
That celestial passion's power
Which first sprung in Eden's bower,
When, to soothe the lonely hour
Of the mateless sire of man,
Woman first was formed and fashioned,
With a soul so wild impassioned,
That too often to a rash end
It in trusting fondness ran,
And still remains as it began.

Then, oh ! name her not the faithless,
For she *cannot* check the swelling
Of the love that, ever dwelling
In her bosom, upward welling,
Fills the full and laughing eye :
'Tis a soft and playful feeling,
From her inward spirit stealing,
In its tender light revealing
Fondness that can never die,
Always ending in a sigh !



SONG.

My barque is on the wave, love,
My barque is on the sea ;
But the parting kiss you gave, love,
Still lingers warm with me.

The tempest riots o'er me, love,
The ocean waxes wild ;
But, like a star before me, love,
Thine eye as last it smiled.

The tempest and the sea, love,
May take their wildest form,
If thou art still to me, love,
The angel of the storm.

No more upon the wave, love,
No more upon the sea ;
But the parting kiss you gave, love,
Still lingers warm with me.

Thro' many lands I roam, love,
That have a charm for me ;
But dearer far the home, love,
I leave behind with thee.

The sky is bright and clear, love,
The sun laughs all the day ;
But I cannot tarry here, love,
And thou so far away.

Once more upon the wave, love,
Once more upon the sea,
That the parting kiss you gave, love,
May be returned to thee.

K

THE GRECIAN MASSACRE.

Is this the Greece of which our Byron sung—
The vaunted nursling of poetic lore ?
Is this the land where Freedom's tree hath sprung,
Bedewed and nurtured by her children's gore ;
Where Wisdom's self in Wisdom's ways grew hoar,
And valour glowed on every youthful brow,
Till baffled tyrants on her classic shore,
As date trees 'neath the locust swarm, would bow
When Freedom's swords were drawn : is this the
Greece of *now* ?

Yes, this is Greece, this favoured land of earth !
And was't for this that Europe broke thy chain,
That with thy freedom Murder might have birth,
And prowl unbridled o'er each glorious plain,
And leave upon each hallowed scene a stain
To blast the immortality which grew,
Nurtured by the ashes of thy mighty slain,
Who for thy weal the patriot's sabre drew,
And found their glorious graves, but dug their
tyrants' too !

And Albion, too, a generous hand hath lent
To burst the bonds that bound thee in thy thrall ;
Yet scarce hath the corroding chain been rent,
And ceased the echo of its jingling fall,

When skulking Murder from its den doth crawl
To glut its deadly fangs on sons of her
Who nobly lent her aid to give thee all
That Liberty to which thou wast the heir,
And Albion's *protégé* enacts the murderer !

Out on thee, Greece ! Impotent, worthless land,
Why didst thou roar and shout for Freedom so,
Now that thy puny, weak, and nerveless hand
Is powerless to stay the assassin's blow ?
Are these the fruits on Freedom's tree that grow ?
Blush, servile Greece ! if yet a blush remain
To flood thy cheek with shame's hot, burning glow,
For the desecration of thy noblest plain ;
But, ah ! thy deepest blush is *outblushed* by that
stain !

And why select the plain of Marathon,
The fairest spot on Glory's glorious page,
To write thy deed of guilt and blood upon—
And this the land of freemen and the sage !
Wouldst thou transmit unto a future age,
That Greece hath chosen Freedom's noblest field
To close in blood the Pilgrim's pilgrimage,
The plain whereon the routed Persian reeled,
And Hellas' conquering shout, from *then* proud
Hellas peeled ?

Look yonder, Greece ! there frowns Thermopylæ,
Where but three hundred broke a tyrant's power,

And that proud mountain now is doomed to see
The pride of ages shattered in an hour !
And there, where burst the dark ensanguined
shower
From tyranny's black heart, a darker still
Baptizes Liberty's untrampled flower ;
And if it be that thou hast not the will
To shackle Murder's hands, why *wink* at those who
kill ?

Go, Greece, and hug thy chain ! beneath the Turk
Thy knife may find *congenial* work enow ;
And unrecorded it will pass, if lurk
Assasins under every rocky brow,
Or every creek conceals a pirate prow,
'Twill matter not—and then will Hellens feel
More at their ease ;—and freeborn Hellas, thou
Lost lovely bastard of the great, wilt kneel
At Murder's dripping shrine, and wear its reeking steel.

Then go and wallow in the sink of crime,
In that alone thou actest well thy part ;
But hark ye, Hellas ! *think* another time
Ere thy false dagger seeks a British heart ;
For, bred to crime, and famous as thou art
In Murder's ways, 'twere well to have a care !
As Britons come, so let them thus depart,
Or thou mayst find that British hands can tear
The crown from off thy brow, *as well as place it there !*

TO —

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

It is the month of flowers, love !
The month when sportive Spring,
In frolic mood, at Summer's feet
Her golden store doth fling ;
And like a laughing beauty flies
To other climes away,
To gather Winter's dying sighs,
And nurse the bloom of May.
And rich and rare the floral wealth
She laughing leaves behind ;
And Nature's fragrant glow of health
Is whispered by each wind,
Which, as it swept with pinion light,
Upon the skirts of Spring,
A moment lingered in its flight,
And caught upon its wing
The odours of the latest bud
That burst its rosy band
To kiss with beauty's full-blown lips
Spring's farewell-waving hand ;
And this is what that wanton wind
Doth whisper, love, to me,
The fairest flower spring left behind,
It left in leaving thee !

HOPE !

Softly the voice of the Vesper bell
Upon mine ear at twilight fell ;
And soft as snow upon the hill
A murmur came—it murmurs still
Like the silvery gush of a mountain rill—
Hope !

And nearer came that fairy sound,
And softer fell its echoes round ;—
Methought so sweet it were the same
That to the Eastern shepherds came,
When angels sang with loud acclaim,—
Hope !

And all my soul within me grew
Big with a feeling strange and new,
Which ne'er before my bosom stirred,
Till it with trembling pleasure heard
The echo of that whispered word—
Hope !

I looked around—no form was there ;
But rapture seemed to fill the air,
And every leaf on every tree
Seemed trembling then with joy for me ;
And still I heard, tho' naught could see,—
Hope !

My heart grew still; for, oh ! too strong
The change to joy from grief so long,
And dark despair and anguish deep ;
Then marvel not if tears did steep
These eyes, and I did murmuring weep,—

Hope !

Long, long and fast my tear-drops fell,
Since Hope supplied the living well,
And every gushing drop did bear
Upon its breast some weight of care ;
For sorrow must not linger there,
Since it was whispered in the air,—

Hope !

And I was glad ; for every tree
Seemed looking joyously on me,
And every flower that blossomed there
More brightly blushed,—looked doubly fair,
Since it was whispered in the air,—

Hope !



RETURNED.

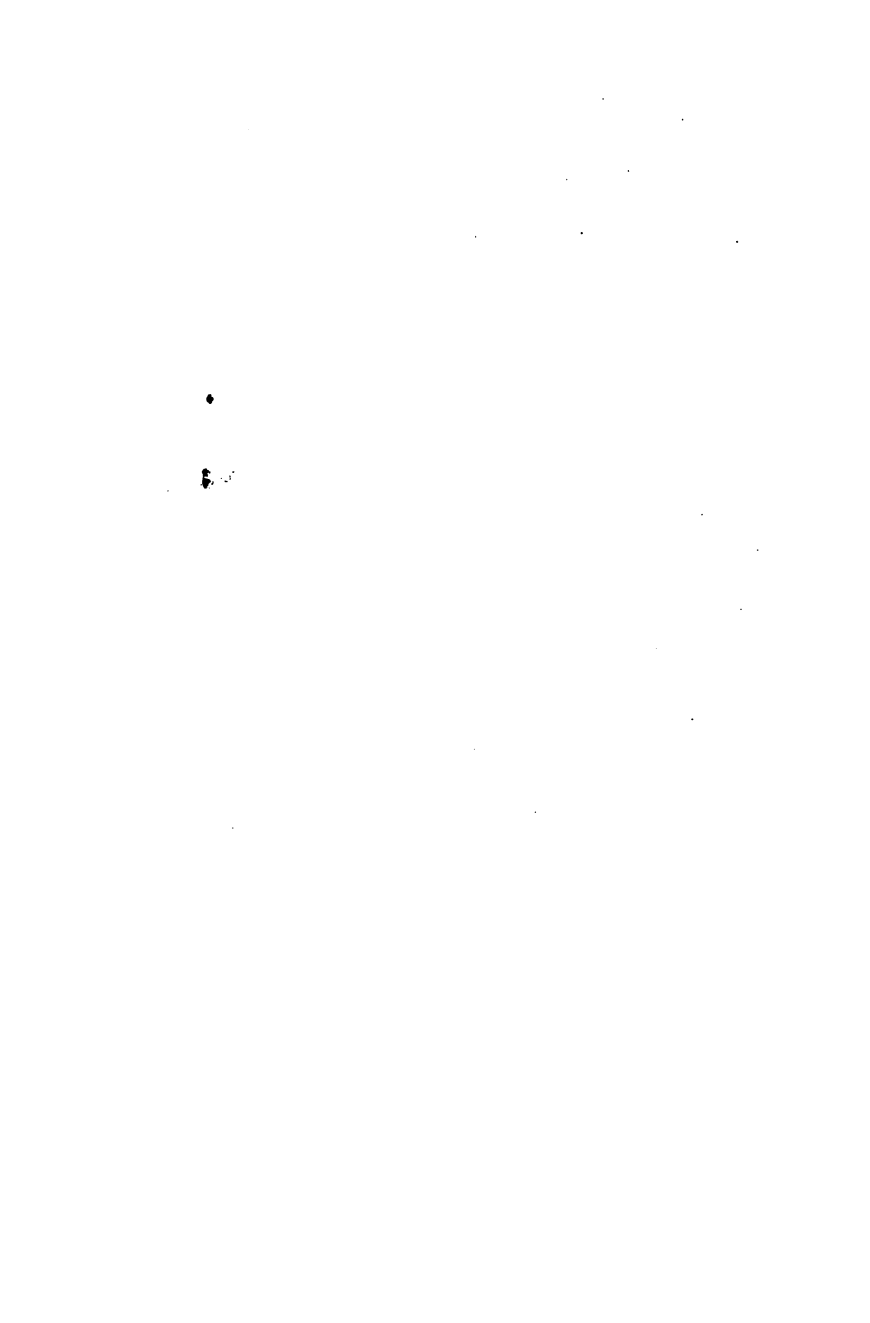
A STRANGER was he, and his brow
Was broad and smooth and fair ;
And his eye was bright with the happy light
Which hope ever kindles there.

And his cheek was warm with a sunny smile ;
And yet tho' beaming pale ;
As deep and slow, he murmured low,
" Home of my childhood, hail ! "

In years long past, a youth,
He left his native clime :
But blooming now, his broad fair brow
Was ripe with manhood's prime.
And once again, with fortune flushed,
He bent his homeward sail ;
And with glad eyes, now murmuring cries,
" Home of my childhood, hail ! "

And glad hearts there were and dear,
To welcome the wanderer home ;
But one gentle breast, more glad than the rest,
Whispered softly " He is come, he is come ! "
And that heart wilder bounded again,
As her eye swept the distant vale ;
And deeply and clear broke on her listening ear,
" Home of my childhood, hail ! "





the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age is expected to increase from 1.1 billion to 1.5 billion.

As the world's population grows, the demand for food and other resources will increase. The world's population is expected to reach 6 billion by the year 2000, and to reach 9 billion by the year 2050. The world's population is expected to reach 10 billion by the year 2100.

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